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Cartoons » Bluey Rated: K+, English, Humor & Family, Bluey, Bandit/Dad, Stripe, Pat, Words: 24k+, Favs: 1, Published: Sep 5, 2025 Updated: Sep 7, 2025

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Chapter 1: The Brekkie After

SUMMARY: After a bombastic evening free of kids, everyone wakes up hungover and grumpy and it's up to Bandit to bring his friends back to life with a rousing breakfast.

The morning light crept into Bandit's vision and seared his eyeballs. All at once he became painfully aware of how bad he felt. Time for his own version of the "Checklist."

Dry mouth? Check. Throbbing headache? Check. Back aching from sleeping on Stripe's floor and not his comfy bed? Double check.

Time to lay back. The show's not going on today.

"Ugh…babe?" he croaked. "I did it again."

His wife Chilli didn't move from where she lay next to him. "Me too," she sighed.

"Me three," groaned Stripe from the couch.

Bandit shrugged. "Well, that's not too bad, I suppose."

At that moment, a chorus of moans erupted from all the adults splayed out in all corners of Stripe's living room, the casualties of the kid-free get-together they had last night that went a little too long and a little too crazy.

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"Biscuits," Bandit hissed. "Spoke too soon." They were all irresponsible and were paying for it now. If he didn't interact with any kids today, it would be a blessing.

BANDIT: "This episode of Bandit is called "The Brekkie After."

Bandit massaged his forehead with his fingertips as he eased himself upright. Bright light assaulted his eyes as if the sun was right in his face. "Why did we think this was a good idea?"

"Can someone get the shade?" said Stripe, his strong bark barely a grunt today.

"Got it," said Bandit. He dragged his lead paws behind the couch to the patio door. Pulling the shade across the glass felt like heaving a heavy rock across a swamp. He sighed with the relief of a dimmer living room.

"My towel is still wet," said Wendy, rolling off the other couch and flopping onto the floor.

Pat scrubbed board game pieces off his chest and held up a bank note to show everyone. "Still have the bet I won when I dared you to jump in the pool." He then let his arm go limp on the side table, accidentally knocking an empty beer can onto the floor. "Oops."

"Only because Bandit dared to get cheeky with me," Wendy grumbled.

"Seems to happen a lot at Heeler get-togethers, eh? The pool, I mean," said Bandit, before feeling the roof of his mouth and making a yucky face. "Feels like there's slime in my mouth."

"Nah, that's from when you ate a whole jar of peanut butter faster than Pat," said Josh.

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"Blegh!" said Pat. "That stuff's only good in small amounts and on crackers."

Bandit leaned back and felt his back crack satisfyingly. He saw Josh Border Collie shiver and wince, which meant he was awake too. "I suppose since I'm the only one up, I'll go put the kettle on and get brekkie goin'." He shot a smug look over his shoulder as he stepped gingerly out of the living room. "You lot just lay there and have a think about what you did."

"You as well," said Chilli, sending that look back at him. "I recall this party being your idea."

Bandit gulped. "Yes, babe," he said as he trudged to Stripe's kitchen.

"Well, I might have a shower then," said Josh, sitting up rapidly, and collapsing back down just as fast. "Ugh, room's spinnin'. Never mind."

"Get in line, Josh," said Wendy, shooting him a death glare with all the energy she had left.

The sink water filling up Stripe's electric kettle sounded like a churning waterfall to Bandit's sensitive ears. His headache rumbled inside him with the ferocity of a rolling timpani as he shut off the tap and placed the kettle on its perch to come to a boil. He then carefully placed the stray wine glasses on the bar into the sink before peering back through the entryway to the goo-like adults who had barely moved. "Stripe, what should I make for brekkie?"

"Could you make hangover eggs?" Stripe asked. "Those always do the trick."

"What? No!" Pat protested, scrunching his snout. "That's disgusting."

"This isn't like college, Pat," Stripe rebutted, "I got more in my fridge now than just tomato sauce and day-old dim sims."

"Don't matter. Bandit'll still put anything he wants in there, even stuff that doesn't go together. Remember when he put instant noodles and anchovies in it after the '99 Winter Social? Blegh!"

"Never stopped you from lickin' your plate clean every time, did it?" Bandit quipped.

Pat stuttered and the whole room mustered as much laughter as they could in their hungover state.

Bandit's headache lightened slightly and his tail twitched with pride. "I've 'improved' the recipe through the years so just lay back and let the chef make some magic, alright?"

"Righto," Pat chuckled, not willing to argue anymore.

Bandit nodded and went to grab some ibuprofen from a cabinet he knew was far out of reach for Muffin and Socks. The kettle clicked, signaling the water was ready. Just in time, thought Bandit. "And take some ibuprofen," he told Pat. "It'll take your crank away."

Pat rolled his eyes and looked at Chilli. "Bandit sure is somethin', eh?"

Chilli smiled. "Yeah. The best."

After tea and ibuprofen were dispersed around the room, everyone seemed to come out of zombie mode. Of course, Bandit knew this was merely a chisel to the hangover when they needed a jackhammer. The kids were coming back from his big brother Rad's pad later, so onto that brekkie.

The Faceytime jingle played on the tablet on the counter. Speak of the devil, and he shall ring, especially when you're preoccupied with searching through Stripe's refrigerator. He ducked away from the fridge to tap the green call button then returned to rummaging his paws through the vegetable drawer.

"How goes it, little brother?" greeted Rad in his usual sunny manner.

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Cradling a green pepper, spinach, mushrooms, and bacon in his arm, he shut the fridge and turned to the tablet. He nodded to his brother on screen and tried to smile as he set the stuff on the counter. He silently wished that he didn't look like he hadn't slept in days, but perhaps the blue and red heeler mix wouldn't notice. He was a little absent-minded at times.

"Whoa, you look like you haven't slept in days," Rad laughed.

Well, throw that out the window. "Perceptive this morning, are we?" said Bandit, rubbing his eyes.

"Did you and your mates do it again?"

"Yeah, we did. Hope the kids ran you ragged as well," said Bandit with a playful sneer.

"Yeah, I bet. Nah, it's all good. We gave 'em enough games to ensure they slept through the night. In fact, Bluey's the only one up right now. She went on a run with me."

Bluey scampered into the frame and waved. *"Sure did!"*

Bandit gave a thumbs up. "Good on ya, kiddo!" Didn't matter if he was hungover or not, a grin from his oldest pup made feel light as a feather every time.

"Are you alright, dad?" Bluey asked, moving in closer.

Bandit rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah, we just got to bed late last night."

"Everyone?"

"Yeah, everyone."

Bluey raised an eyebrow. *"That happens a lot at Heeler parties, doesn't it?"*

A cold sweat formed on Bandit's back. He had forgotten he used that excuse once before. He'd better hop off before any more questions were asked.

Luckily, Rad was on top of it as he pet Bluey on the head. *"Alright, I'll take care of brekkie for the kids. You just make sure everyone else is right as rain, you hear?"*

Bandit nodded. "Will do."

"Bye, dad!"

"See ya, Bluey!" With that, they disappeared from the tablet.

"Was that Rad?" asked Stripe from the living room.

"Sure was," said Bandit. "Bluey's up so I better make this quick." He got to work chopping the bacon into lardons and the pepper into a fine dice.

"Hey, mate," said Pat, wandering in, mug in hand. "Top us off, could ya? Everything still tastes like peanut butter."

Bandit smiled. "No worries."

After his mug was refilled, Pat took a seat at the bar and sipped the warm liquid, swishing it around his mouth to rid every last speck of peanut butter. "If my kids ever find out what we grown-ups do when they're not around, I couldn't look 'em in the eye again."

"Bluey nearly did, I think," Bandit gulped.

"Ha! Insightful nose, that one."

"Did I ever tell you about what happened when me and Chilli were here for New Year's?" Bandit asked. Pat shook his head and took another sip. "So in walks Bluey and Bingo, looking to play Whale Watching with us-"

"Hang on," Chilli called, making her entrance. "You cook, I wanna tell him this story."

Bandit winked at her. "Fine by me, babe. You tell it better anyhow."

Josh tapped his foot as he sipped his tea, the warm drink putting him in better spirits. *"Will we ever, doo doo-doo doo, be that funky again?"* he hummed to himself.

"You're going to get that silly song stuck in my head again," Wendy barked playfully.

Josh shrugged. "You kiddin'? That was the best part of the night right there."

"I didn't sound too bad, did I?" asked Stripe.

"'Course not!" came Bandit's voice. "I'm just glad you sang with me at all!"

"Just like old times," Stripe called back.

A content silence settled around the room, broken only by the distant sizzling of bacon and the release of its sweet, smoky aroma into the air. The quiet was welcome among them all, not only because of their still sensitive heads but because it was such a rarity in their households since they had kids. All those old times when they had not a care in the world were now left behind, having made way for the new times and the joy and responsibility they now shared.

Wendy piped up. "Yes, I suppose it was a good song…do you think we will ever be that funky again?"

Stripe stretched his neck, feeling it pop. "Nah."

Josh shook his fluffy head. "Nope."

"Not a chance!" Pat exclaimed.

Everyone laughed, wistful nostalgia echoing between them until they all settled again into their tired, hungover selves.

"That's okay, though," said Stripe. "I like how funky we are now."

Wendy nodded and sat back. "Yes, I agree."

"It's certainly easier on me head, I'll tell ya that for free," said Josh.

"Brekkie's on!" shouted Bandit.

Soon they were all congregated at the dining table, each adult provided with a generous egg scramble on a piece of toast. Tea was refilled and they all proceeded to tuck in.
Pat didn't know what he was in for, but it was hot, it was here, and any brekkie he'd wait for back home would just be dry cereal. He picked up the toast and hesitantly took a bite.

"What do ya reckon, Pat?" Bandit asked.

Pat swallowed and couldn't help but wag his tail slightly. "I forgot you made ham and pineapple pizza a religious experience," he said, licking his chops. "I will never doubt your abilities again."

"Uss!" Bandit cheered, pumping his fist. "Still got it!"

"Good job, babe," said Chilli, squeezing his hand.

"As long as I wake up to this," said Josh through a mouthful, "Good friends and good food, I wouldn't mind doing this again. Just not too funky next time, eh?"

Everyone nodded. "Agreed."

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Chapter 2: Old Dog, New Trick

SUMMARY: After saving his best friend Maynard from the jaws of a freshie, Mort Cattle is suddenly onset with feelings for his best friend. With no idea how to handle this, he calls on Bandit to help an old dog figure out what he never knew about himself.

Bandit could feel his eyelids sagging despite the high-octane action on TV. This was supposed to be the hottest new movie that all his friends were talking about, and it was boring him to sleep. Chilli, however, was on the edge of the couch and he was happy for her sake, but he'd rather watch a bone get brushed. What he wouldn't give for something to break up the monotony of the same four buff guys whose names he'd forgotten punching each other in the mouth.

The jaunty ringtone playing on Bandit's phone drew his attention away, like a song from heaven. He grabbed his phone from the armrest and saw Mort Cattle's scruffy face smiling back. "Babe, look, your dad's on the phone," he remarked.

"Hmm," said Chilli. "He's usually in bed by now."

Bandit turned the TV volume down and answered, putting Mort on speakerphone. "G'day, Mort," he greeted.

"Bandit, thank goodness!" came Mort's gruff, slightly panicked bark. *"Look, I've got something...personal to tell ya. You alone?"*

Bandit turned to Chilli and gulped. If Mort could only see the look of death his daughter just gave him. "Er, Chilli is with me. Is everything alright?"

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The other end was silent for a beat. *"Ohhhh dear. Er, e-everything's fine, Chilli-dog. Maybe. I dunno. I mean-"*

"Dad, what's going on that only Bandit can hear?" Chilli asked, eyebrow raised and tone prodding.

"Look, I didn't mean anything by it. I only phoned Bandit because I know he's one o' those... multi-lovin'- no, dual...? Nah, that's not it."

"What are you on about, Mort?" Bandit asked.

"Aw, strewth, what do kids these days call it when you fancy both girls and blokes?"

"What does that have to do with anything?" Wait. Hold the phone. He looked at Chilli. "Is he...?" he mouthed.

Chilli shrugged, eyes wide. She could feel now this was as much dropped in her lap as it was Bandit's. She didn't know how this was about to go.

Mort sighed. *"Okay, listen, you know me mate Maynard, right?"*

Bandit tensed, sensing what was coming. "Yeah, he really likes fishing, eh? What about him?"

"I may or may not...have fallen for him."

"Erm…have you or haven't you?" asked Chilli. "I feel like there's no inbetween there."

"Okay, yes! I have. I mean, I don't know! Well, maybe, it's confusing. Rather- oh, biscuits and jam! I'm 65 years old! I don't know how to be double-attracted...whatever it is you are!"

Bandit massaged the bridge of his snout. "Bisexual, Mort."

"Yeah, that! I knew I heard that somewhere!"

Chilli shook her head. "Dad, when did all of this come about?"

"Umm...you two got a mo'?"

"The kids are in bed and my father-in-law's coming out. We've got all the time in the world now!" said Bandit.

Chilli even had to admit, the movie was nowhere near as good as this was likely to be.

MORT: This episode of Bandit is called "Old Dog, New Trick."

"You know me and Maynard have been mates through thick and thin. Any time I spend with him is the best part of my day. But I suppose things changed about a week ago when I went with him to his favorite fishing spot..."

Not a cloud was in the sky nor wave on the lake. Maynard, bless him, was perched on the nose of my canoe, foot on the very end. I turned away from me own fishing pole to see how he was gettin' on and I rolled my eyes. Maynard probably thought he looked like some bloomin' superhero, watching over his city.

"You're gonna fall into the lake, mate," I told him for the 10th time.

He turned back and shook his head, his ears flopping about like they were mocking me. "I tell ya, mate, you gotta show the fish who's boss and dare 'em to bite your line. This has worked for me countless times."

"You're dreamin', mate."

"Watch me catch the biggest Barra in this lake and you're gonna eat those words."

"Tell you what, you catch anything before you fall in this lake, I'll kiss you."

Maynard huffed. "Oh, you're playing with fire now!"

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Yeah, I was. I'll admit, he looked kinda cute standing there, thinking his superstition would make a difference, so I was havin' a laugh, or I thought I was. Maynard told me he was gay years ago so I figured a bit of riling up would be a funny joke. I returned to my own fishing pole thinking nothing of it.

Then out of the corner of my eye, I spied a freshie, a tiny crocodile breaching the surface. As soon as he appeared, he dipped back below. Not a rarity but not something you see every day, "Uh, Maynard? We got a freshie."

"Yankin' my chain again, are we?" he huffed.

"Seriously. I think we'd better get back to the dock."

"Oh no, you made your bet, now lie in it. I'm catchin' that bloody Barra!"

All of a sudden, I saw him lean forward, his pole bending under the weight of whatever he just hooked. "Aha! Got a bite! You know what that means!" He started reeling in his catch and I started to dread his gloating. He always does that when he's right.

And then, the boat is hit, right? A good whack underneath and we were rockin'. Maynard wobbled where he stood and tumbled tail over tea kettle into the lake. This freshie surfaced

again next to the boat and snapped his jaws, hissing like mad. Maynard's hook had it snared at the top of its mouth.

"Maynard, you idiot!" I yelled as he surfaced.

"Aw, that ain't no Barra!" he whinged.

I grabbed the freshie by the snout and held his jaws shut. "Get back in here!" As Maynard heaved himself back into the boat, the freshie struggled in my arms, flailing with all its might. Keeping my grip, I slowly pulled the hook out then tossed the little bugger as far away from us as I could. I didn't see it splash down before I cranked the engine over and took off back toward the dock. Those ten seconds felt like 5 minutes, I tell ya.

When I parked the boat, I finally noticed I was heaving like crazy. Me brain was racing a hundred miles an hour. I was thinking about all we had been through together. Bunking together during the war and all the jams we'd helped each other out of. It was eerily like one of those times. All the way to him helping out when me and your mum raised you. He's a guy I'd trust with my life. I'd put him on the same level as your mum.

And then something inside me broke. It felt like a flea flew in me ear. I never once thought of any old mate that way before then and I couldn't believe it. I never thought I'd feel that way about anyone after your mum.

"You okay?" Maynard said, climbing onto the dock. I turned back to his scruffy mug, the afternoon casting a glow on his soaked fur. "He didn't nick you, did he?" He certainly didn't look like someone whose life was just threatened.

I tackled him. "Nicked me?! I thought it was gonna nick you! Those freshies can bite your tail off! And you were up at the front of my boat like you were king of the world! Don't ever do that again!"

Maynard held his hands up. "Okay, okay! I'm sorry!"

Was I being unfair? Yeah, a bit. All these surfacing feelings and I was taking them out on me best friend. I stopped myself from saying anything else and helped him up.

And then he said, "It wasn't a fish, but do I still get that kiss?"

What an oaf he always was. Not a care in the world. I took all our years of friendship and planted it right on his snout, and it was as if everything clicked into place. All I can say is… I didn't hate it.

"Really?" said Bandit. "That's *all* you can say after all that?"

"Okay, that's a bit harsh. I loved it. I still can't believe I'm saying that, and it's been all I can think about all week. I feel like I'm going nutso, like I got a stomachache all hours of the day."

"Have you told him how you feel yet?" asked Chilli.

"Um…no. I haven't seen him since that kiss on the lake."

"Oh, *Mort!*" Bandit exclaimed.

"Honey!" Chilli hissed, finger to her lips.

Oh, that's right. Don't want the kids to pry into this quite yet. He turned toward the stairs and waited.

No one appeared.

"Mort," said Bandit in a lower tone, "you can't push him aside. That's the worst thing you can do. If you really feel this way about him, you gotta tell him."

Mort sighed. *"You're right. I owe him that after all he's done for me. I suppose...I was just scared of me own shadow. This came on so suddenly, I didn't know how to face it. You think you have it all figured out and then ol' mother life bowls you a dip, eh? I keep thinking it should be up to me and it never is."*

Bandit and Chilli laughed. "Yeah, dad," she said, "something like that."

"The way you talk, Bandit, figuring yourself out must've been a picnic."

Bandit so easily could've leaned into this small boost to his ego and agreed with Mort. But he couldn't lie in front of Chilli. She had a talent for sniffing that sort of thing out. "Er, not really," he said, rubbing the back of his neck."I had a fit like you the first time I realized I was falling for one of my mates. Didn't tell my mum or dad until much later. But I knew I had to share this with him otherwise it would just eat me up inside."

"What'd you do?"

"I learned a song and next time I went to his house, I played my guitar and sang it to him. I wanted to impress him so that it would at least soften the blow. He loved it, and then I told him. And I don't regret it at all."

"You mean he felt the same for you?" Mort asked.

Bandit scoffed. "Course he didn't, it was the 90s! But he still appreciated my being honest and we found a way to stay friends for a while. So yeah, you want my help? Talk to Maynard, if not tonight then first thing tomorrow, and figure out how far you wanna take this. I'm sure he'd be over the moon. You two already get on like an old married couple."

"...wow. I reckon we do. You really think I should?"

"Yeah. You're never too old to learn something new about yourself, Mort. It's just new tricks, is all. Trust me, Bluey and Bingo help teach me things every day."

There was a pause on the other end. Bandit wondered if Mort was back to second guessing himself.

"Chilli-dog?"

"Yeah, dad?"

"D'ya think your mum would be happy looking down wherever she is and seeing me with Maynard? You know I really did love her, right? And I always will."

"I know, dad," said Chilli, trying to hold back tears. "I think she'd be happy seeing you happy. Don't worry about her."

"Alright, I'll see if he's still up. He usually is. Thanks for helpin' this old dog learn a new trick, Bandit."

"Anytime, Mort."

"I'm sorry this came on so sudden, Chilli, and I appreciate you hearing me out as well."

"Of course, dad," Chilli nodded. "I love you."

"Love you too, dearest. G'night."

With that, Mort hung up. The movie was over by this point and Chilli and Bandit, both exhausted by this point but thoroughly satisfied with the turn of events, decided to retire for the night. As they climbed up the stairs to their room, Chilli said, "So how long until Bluey and Bingo find out about this?"

"If they haven't been spying, babe, I'd say leave that up to Mort."

A week after coming out to his daughter and son-in-law, Mort decided to pay the Heelers a visit. He had gotten the hang of the ridesharing app thing since the last time and had no trouble calling his own ride into Brisbane. But this time, he ordered a car for two.

Bluey and Bingo ran out of the house and wrapped their tiny arms around Mort. "Grandad!" they cheered.

"How ya been, squirts?" Mort asked.

They pulled away and Mort crouched down to their level. "Kids, I've got some big news. Your ol' grandad's got a new true love."

"Oooh, who is she?" Bluey asked, tail wagging.

"Well, it's not a 'she' as it happens," Mort chuckled nervously. He stood up and turned back to their ride. "Come on out!"

A gray dog with scraggly fur stepped out and waved. "G'day, kids!"

"Maynard!" said Bingo.

"Maynard's your new true love?" asked Bluey.

"Sure is," said Mort, wrapping an arm over Maynard's shoulder.

"Honestly didn't think he'd ever come 'round," said Maynard.

"Oh, you," said Mort, rolling his eyes and ruffling his messy fur. Bluey and Bingo giggled. "Let's go inside, kids. I think you'll wanna hear how this came about. And it starts with me, Maynard, and a little freshie…"

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Chapter 3: MINISODE: The Confession

This *Bandit* Minisode is called "The Confession."

Mort knocked three times on his best friend Maynard's cabin door. It was a short walk from his house to here and for the first time in years of making the journey, he felt out of place. His stomach churned as he waited for the answer. He tried to grasp what confidence Bandit and Chilli gave to him earlier in the evening, but it had floated away like a piece of driftwood in the nearby lake.

Maynard opened the door, no emotion visible on his face. He was probably thinking how odd it was that a dog who could barge in any old time he wanted was taking the time to knock and wait to be invited in. "Well, well,"

said Maynard, hand sliding down to his hip, "I was startin' to wonder whether you'd gone missing."

Mort felt like he was a teen coming home after curfew to face the music. "Look, mate…it's late and all, but…I just gotta say this. I've been a dunderhead, and I can understand if you're miffed at me. But…I just wanna come in and explain some things if you'll allow me to."

There, he said it. Well, not it, but he still tensed his shoulders and braced for whatever would come.

Maynard smiled and placed a hand on Mort's shoulder. "Like I'd deny you anything, you old fool. Come on, I'll put the kettle on."

A few minutes later, they were seated on the couch in Maynard's slightly too cluttered living room, tea in hand and a late football match low on the TV. It all seemed like any other time between them, but it felt all too foreign to Mort due to his new revelation. Maynard meanwhile took a sip casually and turned to Mort without a thought as to what he was about to reveal.

"So what's goin' on, mate?" the wolfhound said, "you berate me, kiss me, then leave me high and dry all week. I mean, I'm sorry I was careless on the boat but it didn't seem like a big deal to me."

"Yeah, I get it," said Mort, trying to ease himself with small talk. "First freshie I've ever seen on that lake. Who knows when they moved in?"

"Won't do no good to my fishin', I'll tell ya that for free."

Mort let out a chuckle. The levity and nonchalance Maynard treated the whole event would've got on his nerves that day, but now it was taking the weight off his shoulders. This old airhead was really something else. All the more reason he had to do this now.

Mort set his mug down on the coffee table and took a deep breath in. "So look," he began, "I had to…think about some things after that. That croc was all sticks and scales but I…I dunno. I really thought it was gonna hurt ya." Mort swallowed. "And I couldn't bear that happenin' to me best mate."

Maynard set his own mug down and opened his mouth but Mort held a paw up. "Please," he said, "I just gotta keep goin' so I can get this straight." He blinked at that last word and then cleared his throat, looking away and wringing his paws in his lap. "I suppose I've come to realize 'cause of what happened that…you hold a really special place with me. I've called you my best mate all these years but even that wasn't enough. You saved my life in the jungle. You helped me meet my wife and were there when me kids were

born. I'd trust you with anything. You mean as much to me as…well, as she did."

It was Maynard's turn to blink. An old dog like him as special to his best mate as Mort's wife. Was he?

Nah. He'd always dreamed of this day but had long since put it out of his mind as an impossibility. But somehow life always found a way to surprise him.

Mort looked Maynard in the eyes as what weighed him down since the lake was lifted from him, instilling a new confidence with what he was about to say next. "That's why I acted like a drongo. I was scared, of what might happen to you and what I was about to learn about myself so late in me life." Despite his unwavering voice, he felt himself glow red as all get out as he finally stood at the edge of confessing what had laid dormant in him for so long and had erupted so suddenly after a simple kiss. And what scared him now wasn't if Maynard would be accepting, goodness knew he would, but that if he would reciprocate. It brought him back to the butterflies he felt when he confessed his feelings to his late wife, rose petals coming free due to his shaking hands around the bouquet.

"It don't make it right and I'm sorry but…I love you, mate. I really, really do. And…if you'd do me the kindness of going steady with me, I'd be the happiest dog in the bloomin' world."

There. He did it. If nothing else, he could say that much. Now he just had to wait for Maynard's reaction.

A swirl of emotions rattled the old wolfhound's noggin, but he chose not to display them. For such an honorable declaration, one that would make him as well the happiest dog in the world, Maynard thought it was Mort's turn to be wound up a bit for their little tiff. Perhaps it might help his friend, no, boyfriend now, relax even. Of course it might not.

Maynard shut his eyes, took a deep breath in, and stood up. "Well, I suppose I've got one thing to say to that."

The pedestal Mort built for himself to do this came crumbling in an instant. "Y-yeah, mate?" Here we go.

"It's about time."

Mort opened his eyes. He hadn't even realized he was squeezing them shut. "C-come again?"

Suddenly he was pounced on and both dogs fell onto the couch, laughing while wrapped up in each other's arms. "I can't believe it!" said Maynard, "me best mate in the whole world fancies blokes, and not just that, he fancies me! Yes, you old fogey, I wouldn't wanna go steady with no one else but you!"

Ya mean it?" Mort asked.

Maynard nodded. "Too right, you beauty!"

As they helped each other upright, their muzzles found their way to each other and Mort felt those butterflies in his stomach again. It had gone just like he hoped it would and better. He had taken to this newfound discovery like a freshie to water, and wouldn't you know it, it was a piece of cake.

The logistics of who would live where and what sorts of things they would try with each other could be dealt with later. Mort would take this new relationship one step at a time and right now, surrounded by Maynard's coat, felt pretty darn good in his book.

Cartoons » Bluey Rated: K+, English, Humor & Family, Bluey, Bandit/Dad, Stripe, Pat, Words: 24k+, Favs: 1, Published: Sep 5, 2025 Updated: Sep 7, 2025

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Chapter 4: Diesel's Petrols

SUMMARY: Diesel fulfills a lifelong dream by opening his own car garage after his discharge. He thinks making friends at home will be hard, but with Diesel's Petrols, it's all in a day's work.

The door to his dimly lit office opened, and Dr. Bernard, the Australian Army counselor, looked up. "Thanks for coming, Sergeant Kelpie," he greeted.

Diesel Kelpie took a seat in the cushy leather seat opposite him and held out his hand. "No worries, Dr. Bernard."

After shaking his hand, Dr. Bernard grabbed his tablet and pushed his glasses up. "So let's get right into it. How have you been since discharge?"

"Well, it was great to see my family again, let's say that first. Everything I do, I do for them. It was all I could think about on the flight home." Diesel leaned back and recalled the whirlwind of a month he'd had.

Fresh from a 12-hour flight, I felt light as a feather despite the jet-lag fuzzing the edges of my sight. It never fails, I try to catch up on sleep on the flight and somehow stay up the whole time, idling the time away with the same crummy puzzle games and the same five movies. Even still when I landed, I couldn't help but jog from the gate straight to border control, hopping like, well, an excited dog in the queue.

Once I finally made it to the luggage claim, there they were, big smiles all over. My pack, my troop. My family. I probably looked like hell with my stained fatigues and baggy eyes, but I knew it didn't matter one bit to them.

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"Dad!" Rusty shouted, bolting over and jumping into my arms. I could hear the others catching up to him as I gave my little recruit a good squeeze before setting him down and letting them all in.

"Aw, missed me, eh?" I joked.

"Yeah," said Digger, the oldest.

"Missed you lots!" said Rusty.

"Thiiiiis much!" said me youngest Dusty, stretching her little arms as far as they'd go.

Then it was Pepper's turn. "Welcome home, honey."

I felt all my worries vanish with my sigh as I kissed my loving wife. "Good to be home."

"How long are you staying for?" Rusty asked.

Dusty bounced up and down. "Will you be here for my birthday?"

I gave Pepper a quick smooch then turned to the kids. "Oh yeah, I didn't mention that, did I?"

"Tell 'em, babe," said Pepper.

I knelt down to meet my kids' eyes as they all bunched together. "Well, I have a little surprise for you all. I'm here this time…for good."

"You mean…your service is done?" Rusty asked, almost pleading for it to be true.

"Yup," I confirmed. "Done and dusted."

We all met in a big hug in the middle of the baggage claim, and for the first time since hearing the news I was headed home at last, I felt like transitioning back to civilian life wouldn't be so bad.

DIESEL: This episode of Bandit is called "Diesel's Petrols."

"How have you been filling your time over the past month?" asked Dr. Bernard.

"Well, that army schedule's a part of me, so I'm still up bright and early every day. The kids keep me active with cricket, footie, the works." He chuckled and slung a leg over the other. "But that's not what you're asking, is it?"

Dr. Bernard laughed. "No, it isn't."

"For my career after service, it was a no-brainer for me. All that time fixing Jeeps, I knew I was gonna open my own garage when I got home. And bless Pepper, she was gracious enough to come on as my business partner. Signing the lease on that space was the fulfillment of a dream, so I was psyched."

"Fantastic," said Dr. Bernard. "How about friendships?"

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"Oh, I've kept in touch with my troop online. Couldn't do that when I was a tyke. But I promised myself something on the way home. I see Rusty talk so highly of his schoolmates on the ride home from school, so I really wanted to get to know their parents. Thought they could be my new troop. And in a way, my garage helped me do that. It started while I was out promoting the venture..."

I was taking my new shop truck on her maiden voyage with Rusty by my side. Figured it'd get the word out and drum up some customers since we were gonna open any day. We're puttering along in Paddington and suddenly, Rusty points out the window and says, "Dad, look! It's Mackenzie!"

I saw a couple o' border collies standing by the side of the road, their ute smoking. "Looks like they're broken down, kiddo," I said.

"Can we help them, dad?" Rusty asked.

"Well, if he's your friend, let's see what's up." We parked nearby and got out. Rusty greeted Mackenzie happily while I went over to his dad.

"You're Rusty's dad, right? Don't see you around much," he said.

"Yeah, discharged recently. Diesel."

"Sorry, Josh," a guy shouted, "my mechanic's booked solid today." A blue heeler and his pup walked toward us from a couple houses down.

"Biscuits," Josh muttered. "Thanks for trying, Bandit."

The Heeler pup waved at us. "Hi, Rusty!"

"Bluey!" said Rusty. "Me and Dad are spreading the word about his new garage." He pointed at the logo on my truck that Pepper designed.

"Diesel's Petrols," read Bluey. "Hee-hee! I like that name!"

"You work on cars, eh?" said Josh.

"Yeah, cars, Jeeps, copters, you name it, it's my toast and jam. I could take a look if you don't mind."

Josh shrugged and led me to the wide-open bonnet. I felt the heat on my fur immediately and recoiled back. "Poor things's overheated," I said, waving some smoke away. Now time to sniff out the problem. The army taught me that well. Let everything fall away and focus on what needs to be done.

I took a deep whiff through my nose and exhaled sickly sweet aromas, like burnt caramel. It was coolant, alright, almost like the radiator blew or a hose had popped loose and covered the engine in it. For Josh's sake, luckily it was the latter I spied immediately.

"I don't understand it. It was all right yesterday," said Josh once I regained my awareness.

"A hose popped off your rad here," I said, pointing to the dangling pipe near the main gears. "Reckon you've lost all your coolant, mate."

"Wow," said Josh. "That'll do it."

"You know, I think I have a proper clamp and some coolant in me Ute. I can have you right as rain in a tick."

Josh looked shocked. "Really? R-right now?"

I smiled. "I always like to come prepared for anything."

Josh pumped his fist, his bummed expression washing out to giddiness. "Well, thanks a bunch!"

"No worries."

It was simple to refit the hose and tighten it down properly. Then once his engine came back down to as normal a temperature as could be on the eve of summer, I topped up the coolant and gave him the go to start up. The engine tumbled for a second as the coolant

recirculated but then kicked right into life. "Gotta love a rock-solid Toyota," I smirked. Hardy and excitable, just like he was.

I waited a moment to see if the hose would pop off, but it held. I shut the bonnet and gave Josh the thumbs up. He called his son over and they loaded up.

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"Thanks a bunch, mate!" said Josh as I approached the cab. "What do I owe ya?"

I glanced quickly at the temperature meter. A-OK. "Ah, twernt nothin', mate," I scoffed. "All in a day's work."

I felt a tug on my arm, and I crouched down. "Yeah, mate?" I said to Rusty.

"Dad, remember what mum said? 'If you fix some stranger's car like I know you will, make sure you're paid.'"

I gulped and stood up again. Both Mackenzie and Josh were laughing. I grinned embarrassingly.

"Your mum's a smart cookie," Bandit said with a wink.

"Thanks, Mr. Heeler!" said Rusty.

I shook my head and fished a business card out of my wallet. "Okay, how's $30 sound? And you gimme a ring if your Ute ever packs in again?

"Done deal!" said Josh, quickly exchanging it for a banknote from his.

"Much obliged," I said, shaking his paw. With a wave, he was off down the road with his pup.

Not long after, I'd just finished installing the new ramp in the garage when in wheels this sturdy little Subaru. My first real walk-in. I head over and a Jack Russel steps out of it.

"G'day, mate," I said, "thanks for droppin' by. what can I do ya for?"

Do you do suspension work here?" he asked.

"Whatever's ailing your car, I can put it right."

"Oh, great!" he said, relieved.

I wondered what brought that on, but I didn't have to wonder long. The Jack Russel pushed down on his wheel arch and it didn't budge an inch. "The ride's been really rough," he continued. "My tail aches every time I drive it longer than a grocery run."

"That ain't fair dinkum. Let's put 'er on my new ramp and I'll take a look."

I helped him position the car and once it was safely in the air, I could see straight away what the problem was. "Great day in the morning, your shocks are toast! Covered in oil and stiff as stone. What on earth did you do to 'em?"

The terrier rubbed his arm, looking guilty with himself. "It's a funny story, I suppose. I took a shortcut picking my son Jack up from school-"

"Wait, you're Jack's dad?" I exclaimed. "My son Rusty talks about a Russel named Jack all the time."

"Ha! Likewise! Good to meet you, er…"

"Diesel." I held out my hand and he shook it.

"Blake."

"So what happened exactly?" I said, motioning him toward my tool bench.

So my battery died leaving me without SatNav. This bloke called Maynard showed me a shortcut through the bush, but a sign just before said it was for 4-wheel-drive cars."

"Hmm…" I suddenly had an inkling. I went back to the car and shone my torch around the wheels. I grimaced even more. "Yeah, this is an *all*-wheel-drive car."

Blake raised an eyebrow. "Aren't they the same thing? It's got four wheels."

I almost laughed but I didn't want to do that to the poor guy. "Rookie mistake, mate. See, all-wheel-drive shifts power to all the wheels to help with traction on muddy or wet road. 4-wheel-drive is for serious off-roading like what you did on that shortcut, it looks like."

Blake sighed. "Yeah, I…had an adventurous moment. But when I came home from the markets the other day with busted eggs, my wife said I'd better bring it in. She heard about you from Josh Border-Collie."

"Issat so?" Small world. "Well, tell ya what- I have the parts here that I need. I can have you back up and running by day's end for…how's $400 and a promise to not take your car where it's not meant to go?"

Blake perked up. "Really? That'd be fantastic!"

I nodded. "All in a day's work, mate."

"Two new civilian friends, that's a good start," said Dr. Bernard.

"Thanks," said Diesel. "But it's funny." He scratched his chin and tried to gather his thoughts. "I…didn't think I was making friends at first."

"How so?"

"I guess it felt like just doing what I had to do and sending 'em on their way, nothing more, like in the army. The troop and I would bond for hours on end every day because we were together for that long. We slept on smelly cots together. I could know everything about them. I barely got to know Josh and Blake before their cars were fixed and they were off."

Diesel paused, wondering if he should even say what he was about to.

"Do you need to confide about something, Sergeant Kelpie?" Dr. Bernard asked gently, without judgment.

"Sometimes I feel…like an outsider, ya know? It used to be I was barely home before I was back overseas. The army was my world more than here and suddenly, this is my world now. I wasn't sure if Josh and Blake would remember me with how little we were able to talk. I wasn't sure I could make my place here."

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"It doesn't make your interactions any less meaningful," Dr Bernard reassured. "It takes time and effort but it's very possible."

Diesel nodded. "Oh, I'm realizing that now. And what helped me change my view was that Heeler Bandit I mentioned earlier…"

As it happens, it was the day after I expressed this to Pepper and we were discussing my rates in the garage.

"The prices I'm giving aren't too low, are they, Pepper?" I said, my head hurting seeing her spreadsheets.

Pepper shook her head. "Don't worry, love, you're covering all our expenses. I just want to make sure you're charging what you're worth."

"It's never a big deal. I'm just glad I get to do this at all."

Pepper took my hand and squeezed it. "Okay, well, I think you're worth more."

"Yeah, and I know you always will."

How did I find someone so perfect, in partnership and…well, partnership? We moved in closer for a kiss until we heard someone nearby clearing their throat.

We turned to see that Heeler Bandit from the other day with his daughters, Bluey and an orange one whose name I didn't recall. "Sooooo does Rusty run off screaming when he sees smoochy-kisses?" asked Bandit.

"Dad, you were kissing Mum's stinky fish breath!" laughed Bluey.

I stood up straight and saluted. "Sir!"

Pepper rolled her eyes and pushed me away. "Welcome to Diesel's Petrols. How can we help?"

"I was just passing by and I wondered if you'd give my Jeep a once-over. I'm taking the family dune racing next month and I figure you're the Jeep expert."

I chuckled. "It's a stereotype for a reason. I'll make sure you can handle everything out there. Pepper'll show you to the waiting room."

"We've got toys!" she said to the Heeler kids, and they cheered and dashed off toward the lobby, their dad following.

The hum of the lift had become music to my ears by this point and I could operate it in my sleep. Wrangler, good rugged vehicle, could literally take you anywhere. That once-over was probably the quickest one I'd ever done, even on an army vehicle. Bandit maintained it really well.

I wiped my brow with a rag and headed to the lobby. Bandit was in the middle of keeling over, clutching his chest. His kids had their hands out, wiggling their fingers at him and laughing maniacally.

I sniggered. "What's all this then?"

"Hi, Rusty's dad!" said Bluey. "Bingo and I overwhelmed him with our magic!"

Bandit looked at me. "Yeah, powerful stuff," he whispered.

"Dad," said Bingo, "you're supposed to be asleep!"
Bandit slowly came to his feet. No doubt it took longer these days with those two scamps running him ragged. I certainly knew the feeling. "Let's just call it a cliffhanger," he declared. "Am I asleep? We'll find out when we get home."

Rugged, adaptable, and fun. Just like his car.

"All good?" he asked me.

"Good to go," I said.

"Good job, there, mate."

I smiled. "All in a day's work."

I held out my hand and he shook it vigorously. Of all the blokes I shook with, his was the best so far. "Make quick work like that and I might be calling you from now on," he said.

What a compliment, especially since he already had a guy. "M-much obliged," I said, before I led him over to the computer to do his invoice.

"Only seen you at drop-off a couple of times. When'd you get back?" he asked.

"Not too long ago. It's good to be home at last. Feels like I've missed too much outta my kids' lives."

"Yeah, I feel that way when I have to be on a dig site. I'm not gone nearly as long but it's still too long."

"Truth. And it's good to really talk to someone outside of that whole world. Makes it easier to get back...to the swing of it, you know?"

"Hey, you oughta come and have a drink with me and some friends. Josh'll be there. And Blake's thankful you got his Subaru running again."

"Oh yeah, I remember them." But did they really remember me? "Well, I dunno-"

Bandit slung an arm over the counter. "C'mon, it'll be fun."

I gave it a rummage in my mind. Sounded like the perfect proposition, and so quickly after getting back. I'd hopefully have a new friend group to make reintegration easier. But it still almost felt like I was intruding on somewhere I didn't quite belong yet. I wasn't sure if I should step in.

I looked away for a moment. Bluey and Bingo had slid right into another game, involving the footy in the toy box. I laughed. "These kids make it look so easy." So easy to get along, I thought.

"Yeah, we can take a cue from them every once in a while, eh?" said Bandit.

I nodded. I'd take that step. "Sure, gimme the deets and I'll be there."

"I'm sorry, Sergeant Kelpie, but we're out of time for today," said Dr. Bernard, rising up. "But it sounds like you're making great progress with reintegration. I'm proud of ya!"
Diesel stood up. "Thanks, doc. After opening my garage and meeting Bandit and Blake and the others, it really feels like I have another troop. I know I've only just started my new life and there's so much I want to do yet, but..." He shrugged. "It's like I always say, even in the field."

"All in a day's work?" asked Dr. Bernard.

"Yeah, all in a day's work."

Diesel opened the door to the pub and cased the joint for the table where Bandit and his friends were. Catching waving hands out of the corner of his eye, he saw they were all smiling and waving at him.

"There's the dog of the hour," said Bandit, filling a glass and handing it to Diesel.

"For putting us all back on the road," said Blake.

"And for being a stand-up bloke altogether," said Josh.

"Good to know ya, mate," said a yellow Labrador. "Congrats on the new venture."

Diesel sat down and rose his glass, gulping down the lump in his throat. "Thanks for making an army dog feel welcomed home."

"CHEERS!" Glasses clinked and mirth and merriment took him over as Diesel joined a conversation about an upcoming cricket game. The garage had always been a goal of his, but now he felt like he accomplished something far more difficult-making a place in a third troop, a group of guys he was proud to call his new friends.

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Chapter 5: Feedback

SUMMARY: One email leaves Bandit with some angry and upset while he's on holiday with his family. Later, one call from Marcus will help him let it go for good.

Every morning right when he awoke, Bandit Heeler was on his phone, looking through any new notifications. Whether it was a news article, a text from a friend, or an email from work, he made sure to not leave anyone hanging for longer than necessary. He liked clearing them out as his first accomplishment of a productive day.

This morning, as he sat up in bed in their rental, he pondered what he might receive. He probably shouldn't be doing this while on vacation, but a habit was a habit. The first thing to pop up across his lock screen was his email app.

His stomach did a somersault.

"Morning, babe," Chilli yawned, sitting up. "What's new today?"

"Marcus got back about the book," said Bandit in a small voice.

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For the past few months, Bandit had taken his career in a new direction. Instead of planning and supervising digs in various corners of the world, he had taken on a new challenge: writing a book about the first dogs to walk upright. Since Marcus Beagle was his closest colleague and an experienced book editor, he became Bandit's biggest champion for making this dream of his a reality. Through the many writing blocks and organizing of all his findings into a cohesive narrative, Marcus was there offering encouragement and insights from the many books he helped see to shelves.

Finally sending off the book to Marcus was the catalyst for the Heelers going on this vacation in the first place, a much-needed respite while the fruits of his labor were inspected. This was his first book and the first big piece of writing he had shared since childhood. For once, Bandit couldn't bring himself to look at the email yet.
"Well, what does Marcus think?" Chilli asked, scooting closer and peering over his shoulder.

Bandit tapped the notification and braced for the email app to open. This was it. The culmination of all he worked for. He started to read.

Bandit,
I realize you're on holiday but I couldn't wait to send this off to you. I must say that I appreciate all the work that you've put into this project and I quite enjoyed reading your first draft.

"That's great, babe!" Chilli gave him a smoochy-kiss and hopped out of bed. "I'll get brekkie started for the kids, you tell me how the rest of it goes, okay?"

Bandit nodded at his wife as she shut the door. He heard his kids' excited cheers and chuckled. Now back to his business.

That being the case, it is only the first draft and we have a lot of work ahead of us still.

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Bandit's stomach plummeted into his tail. The world outside fell away and as he read through the email numerous times, he began to feel the lapping waves of discouragement.

He wished he never saw that notification.

BANDIT: This episode of Bandit is called…*sigh* "Feedback."

"Where's dad?" asked Bluey as Chilli set her plate of eggs and sausage down in front of her at the kitchen bar.

Chilli looked back to their bedroom down the hall from the living room. "I think…he slept in. I'll go get him." She delivered Bingo her breakfast and went back to check on Bandit. He was usually out by now moaning about his hunger, so this was a bit odd.

When she opened the door, she saw Bandit sitting on the bed staring ahead at the wall. His phone was locked and off to the side.

"Babe?" said Chilli. He didn't acknowledge her. "Bandit?"

He flinched. "Oh, uh, hey babe." His shoulders slumped and he turned back to the wall.

Chili sat down next to her husband and regarded him. The spark in his eyes he had a few minutes ago had vanished, replaced with an emptiness that had her worried "Is everything alright?" she said softly.

Bandit blinked and turned to Chilli, trying to put up his usual sunny demeanor for her. "Uh, yeah, it's all good. Is, uh, brekkie on?"

Chilli placed her hand on his. "Bandit, what's wrong? You looked like someone stomped on your pavlova."

Bandit sighed. He really couldn't sneak anything past his wife. She was too good, all that airport security training coming in handy. Slowly, his front broke down and he returned to staring at the wall. "He hated it."

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"What?" Chilli stepped back. "That doesn't sound like Marcus."

Bandit laughed. "You're right, but he said it's not where it needs to be yet, and he called it a 'first draft.'" Chilli put her paw on his shoulder and his ears slumped, the last vestiges of his self giving way to his sadness. "He knows how hard I worked on this book already, how much he pushed the publisher to let me tell this story. It just feels like…heh, that I did make a beautiful pavlova and it's been stomped on."

"Oh, come here, big fella." She pulled him into a hug.

"I poured over every word, babe," Bandit lamented, "and I just feel like a fraud now. Like…I never should've started."

Chilli's next decision would be the key to getting her husband out of his funk. Like the bones he uncovered every day, she set to pull him out and clean him up.

She booped him on the snout before walking to his side of the bed. "Alright, Heeler, I know what you need," she declared, pulling him up to stand. "A good day at the beach with your kids."

"What?" Bandit sat back on the bed at Chilli's abrupt tone shift.

"You're on holiday and you deserve a clear mind away from your work. Did you read the whole email?"

Bandit scratched the back of his neck. "Well, no." Truthfully, Marcus's criticisms were only in the first paragraph. He threw his phone aside after reading just that.

Chilli helped him up again. "Okay, have some breakfast, leave all those cares behind, and maybe later on you can revisit that email with a better perspective. I know how hard you worked on that book and Marcus does too. Come on, Bluey and Bingo are waiting."

With that, Bandit was gently pushed to the door and quickly gathered as much composure as he could. He knew Chilli wasn't letting him dwell in his self-doubt but he wondered if it really would help him forget. Before he could sink back into the depths of his sadness, the door opened and Bluey and Bingo's tails wagged furiously. They cheered his arrival and Bandit's heart melted like it always did.

Breakfast did improve his mood. That gnawing in his stomach after he read the email did feel like hunger. It was funny how often he mistook one for the other. Afterward, everyone packed their bags and went down to the beach, which was also relaxing. Of course, Bluey and Bingo kept his mind and body active with tons of games. But when he wasn't chatting with Chilli or helping his kids turn him into a merdog on land, he felt himself drifting back to that nagging voice that said, you aren't good enough for this. Your words weren't worth it. He zoned out and drifted his gaze toward the horizon as his kids' laughter fizzled, blending with the washing surf into a kind of white noise.

A snap within the din brought him back to reality. "What? Huh?" He searched around, locking eyes with Chilli, her snapped fingers held aloft.

"Let it go, babe," she said, gesturing to the sprawling beach around them. "You're missing all this."

"I'm trying," said Bandit.

All the distractions seemed to only leave him afloat on his anxieties until one incident with a Stickbird would help both Bingo and him to process their grief over their creations and let go of the bad feelings. As he used all his might to chuck his angry and upset far away into the ocean, he felt like he could finally enjoy the day with his family and leave the book and its woes behind.

Later that day, after all the chaos died down and the kids were put to bed, Bandit sat back and let the silence come in without any of the negative talk that had plagued him earlier. Sadly, it didn't last long as his phone rang. Sitting up, he picked up the device and beheld Marcus's proper-looking headshot on screen. A wave of ill thoughts nearly made him drop his phone but he managed to answer the call anyway.

"What's up, babe?" Chilli asked.

"G'day, Marcus," Bandit said tentatively, finger twitching as he held the phone to his ear.

Chilli gulped. Oh, dear.

"Evening, Bandit!" Marcus greeted in his chipper English, *"Did you get my email earlier today? I know you're usually prompt with responses so to not hear from you all day was a bit unusual, I'll admit."*

"Yeah, uh, busy day with the kids is all. We were at the beach."

"Oh, that sounds delightful!"

"Yeah, it was..." Bandit trailed off, feeling his angry and upset filling him again. "Marcus, I-"

"Would it be alright if I turned this into a FaceyTalk? I want to talk to you about that email, not as your boss, but as your friend."

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Bandit raised an eyebrow in surprise. But he gave the go-ahead and moved to the kitchen bar. He propped his phone up on the napkin holder and soon, Marcus appeared surrounded by the overflowing burgundy bookshelves in his home office.

He adjusted his big square glasses and waved. *"There you are, then!"*

"Hey there, Marcus," said Chilli, leaning into the frame. She patted his shoulder. "I'll let you two get on with it." As she walked to their bedroom, she had a feeling things were about to be worked out.

With Chilli gone, Bandit turned his focus to Marcus. "So how's Daisy and Honey?" he asked.

"Oh, wonderful," said Marcus. *"Honey's more curious and inquisitive than ever, and Daisy? Well, where would I be without her?"*

"So true." Despite the levity, Bandit felt his worry threatening to spill over him, more so upon seeing Marcus take a breath in and sigh.

"Well, I should get on with it, shouldn't I?" he said. *"I wanted to hop on here, face to face more or less, and…really express how proud I am of you."*

Bandit blinked. "I-I mean, you already did in the email-"

Marcus held a hand up. *"No, I really didn't. When you've been doing this as long as I have it's admittedly easy to…jump into that stuffy, professional voice and minimize how much of an accomplishment writing a book really is. It isn't an excuse but an acknowledgment. I minimized your accomplishment in that email and I apologize."*

Bandit put up a brave face and waved the air away. "All good, mate. I know it's business and all that. And I suppose it shouldn't have upset me like it did today, but…" He leaned back in his seat and scratched the stubble on his chin, once again searching for the perfect words, as he did countless times writing his book. It was all he could think to do. "I-I dunno. I guess I just thought back to school where I'd try to express myself by writing and the words were never right to me, never worth anything. This is really the biggest leap I've taken in putting something good out into the world, ya know?"

Marcus nodded. *"It isn't an easy feat by any stretch of the mind, and the fact that you've completed a manuscript is commendable. And I meant it when I said it was really good. Not many people can say they've written a first draft as close to a finished book as you have. It was compelling, well-researched, and made me feel as if I was out in the field by your side, and I've never done any iota of fieldwork!"*

"R-really?" Bandit asked, leaning in slightly toward his phone.

"I felt your passion for this history as I have for all your years at UQ, and it makes me proud to call you a colleague and a friend."

This was more than anyone had ever said about a piece of his writing before, and it threatened to overwhelm him. He cleared his throat to reposition the developing lump and said, "Thanks, mate. You…you don't know what that means to me. But then what was that 'still a lot of work to do' talk about?"

"Because your words are valuable to the world, Bandit, and I want to do everything in my power to ensure they have as much value as they can have, that you never doubt your voice in writing ever again. That's a promise. A wise dog once told me, 'Once you put something good out into the world, it's no longer yours really.'"

Bandit laughed, tears stinging the corners of his eyes. "That quote sounds familiar, almost like it's one of mine."

Marcus reciprocated the laughter. *"Yes, you've got me. So let's make this the best thing it can be, together, before you let the world have it, eh?"*

"You got it, Marcus," said Bandit.

"And I owe you a pint when you return from holiday."

Bandit laughed again, feeling all the extraneous negativity that weighed him down all day draining away til not a drop remained. "I'll hold you to that, mate."

"Of course. Good night. Tell the kids Honey says hi."

"Sure will. Thanks, again."

"My pleasure, Dr. Heeler."

Chilli looked up from her book and smiled as Bandit entered and climbed into bed next to her. "Sounded like good conversation in there," she said, bookmarking the page and setting it down on the table.

"Yeah, we worked it all out," said Bandit.

"Still regret writing the book?"

Bandit turned to her, and Chilli saw the life in her husband's eyes back and brighter than it had been for a while. "Nope," he declared, "Not one bit. In fact, I think I'm gonna really enjoy being an author."

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- Brandy Cattle
- Mackenzie (Bluey Cartoon 2018)
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Chilli's Recovery

QuirkyTrekkie323

Summary:

Chilli processes her coma dream with each individual dog who featured in it.

Notes:

This is a fanfic based on this Reddit piece:

https://www.reddit.com/r/bluey/comments/1cuixxx/fanfic_bandits_belt_happy_ending_a_fanmade_short/

in which the infamous Bandit's Belt (read here: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/14153508/1/Bandits-Belt) was all just a coma dream had by Chilli. Contains major spoilers for Bandit's Belt and mentions of all manner of dark things, but nothing too dark actually happens.

Chapter 1: Bandit

The air was filled with the sound of dinner music and dogs talking and laughing over their meals, the lights were low, and Bandit and Chilli Heeler sat at the table waiting for a waiter to come and take their order.

Chilli had recently recovered from a coma following a Twister accident, and while she was perfectly fine in body, her mind was still a little shaken. Not so shaken that she'd need a therapist, but a little shaken nonetheless, the reason being that she'd had a very disturbing dream while she lay unconscious in the hospital.

"So, babe, tell me about this dream you had," said Bandit, taking a sip of his water and making sure not to spill any on his suit – they were wearing clothes for the occasion, Bandit in a black tuxedo and Chilli in a red dress and a pearl necklace, and were both somewhat unaccustomed to wearing clothes. "You said that you had a brain tumour. What was my response?"

“Well…” said Chilli. “As you’d expect, you didn’t take it very well. Especially when I… died.”

“What?!” said Bandit, surprised.

“Yeah, I died in the dream, but I kept seeing everything else that happened after that… or didn’t happen, I guess, since it was all a dream. I went crazy and… well, I…” her voice went soft. “...killed a dog, so you had to, um… put me down.”

Bandit’s eyes widened. “That’s horrible!”

“It was horrible,” said Chilli.

Just then, a waiter walked up – a greyhound in full uniform. “May I take your order, sir and madam?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Bandit, “I’ll take the linguini with clams and some garlic bread for the table.” He smiled to himself, glad to be getting a fancy meal that wouldn’t make him throw up into the grass the way Bingo’s attempt at a fancy meal had.

“And I’ll have a spaghetti bolognese, please,” said Chilli.

“Coming right up,” said the waiter and left.

“As I was saying,” said Chilli, “you had to put me down, and then – you kept my preserved hand as a keepsake. And you started talking to it and hallucinating that I was there. You’d developed schizophrenia from, I guess, the shock of it all, and it gave you these anger issues, too.”

“Can you even get schizophrenia that way?!” asked Bandit.

“I don’t know,” said Chilli. “And, like, nine years passed, and during those nine years, you got together with Brandy. In fact, you’d liked her even when I was still alive… a little too much, because it turned out that Bingo was Brandy’s.”

Bandit nearly choked on his water. “WHAT?! Brandy!? Your sister!?” he said, a little too loudly, causing the occupants of the next table to look over in bemusement.

“The very same dog,” said Chilli. “And…” she teared up a little… “because of that, I hated her. Me hate Bingo, that’s one of the worst things ever. And then, you got the same tumours that I had and… the doctor had to kill you.”

Bandit was taken aback. This whole nightmare scenario Chilli had told him had gotten crazier and crazier, darker and darker by the minute, and had ended with his own death. “But…” he said when he found his voice again. “...cancer isn’t contagious.”

“I know, but in the dream, it was some kind of new cancer,” said Chilli.

“Sounds like a bad B-movie,” said Bandit.

“It felt like a bad B-movie,” said Chilli. “Crossed with a soap opera.”

The waiter came back with the food, set it down, and said, “Your dinner, sir and madam.”

“Thank you!” said the Heeler couple, and began eating.

As Bandit tore off a piece of garlic bread, he said, “Well, aren’t you glad that I’m still alive and not at all interested in Brandy in that way?”

“Of course I am… Romeo McFlourish,” said Chilli, teasing her husband with the nickname he’d called himself during his daughters’ pretend restaurant setup.

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Chapter 2: Bingo

Summary:

Where Chilli tells Bingo about her side of the dream, over playing outside.

Chilli and Bingo were in the backyard together, playing around. Though Chilli’s dream had “lasted” for years, she had actually only been in her coma for the rest of the month, and so she was most relieved to see that Bingo was still five years old, and had not in fact grown

into a troubled eight-year-old, then nine-year-old, then teenage, girl, and then into a young woman.

She was even more relieved that Bingo was not the result of Bandit's infidelity, but rather she was the second precious little girl that they'd both "made" and raised together, and that she loved both girls with all of her heart.

"Okay, Bingo," said Chilli, "Can you do this?" and she clapped twice, jumped, and stuck her tongue out. Bingo mimicked it, so Chilli said, "Good girl! Now it's your turn!"

Bingo stomped twice, spun around, and pointed up, so Chilli mimicked it, and Bingo threw her hands up and said, "Hooray!"

That "hooray" brought a smile to Chilli's face – to her, it sort of symbolised that everything was right in the world, and that Bingo was still her happy little girl. Then, a bilby ran past and Bingo playfully got down on all fours and started chasing and pouncing at it, pretending to be a cat.

To Chilli, however, this was a little too close to Bingo's behaviour in her dream, so she gasped and took a step back.

"Did I scare you?" said Bingo, sitting on the grass and tilting her head in confusion. "I was only being a cat."

"Well… you kind of did scare me," said Chilli. "But it wasn't really you. It was just because it reminded me of what you were like in that dream I had when I was unconscious."

"What was I like?" asked Bingo innocently.

Chilli sat down. She wasn't sure how little Bingo would take the story of her dream behaviours, considering that she was only five years old, and a bit shy. However, Chilli didn't want to lie either, and she felt that Bingo would be even more scared if she knew Chilli was keeping a secret from her, so she decided to tell the truth in the best way possible.

She put her arm around Bingo and said, "In the dream, I had a very bad disease called cancer, and I… well, died from it."

At this, Bingo clung onto Chilli's side, glad that her mother wasn't really dead.

“And,” continued Chilli, “you naturally got very sad that I was dead, and it messed you up, and you started wanting to… drink blood.”

“Eww, what?!” said Bingo. “There’s no way I’d drink blood, even if I was sad and messed up!”
“I know, but dreams aren’t the same as real life,” said Chilli. “You bit yourself to taste your own blood, and whenever you saw other dogs bleeding, you would go crazy and drop down on all fours and all you could think about was tasting the blood. That’s what scared me when you were playing cat with that bilby.”

“That does sound scary!” said Bingo.

“It was,” said Chilli. “And all your friends were scared of you, so they didn’t want to be your friend anymore, except for this deaf boy named Dougie, who was your only friend. And years later, when you were teenagers, you began dating him.”

“What!?” said Bingo. Being the daughter of a very loving couple, she knew all about romance, dating, and “smoochy kisses”, but she was surprised to think of herself older and dating a boy.

“But that was pretty much the only good thing that happened to you in the dream,” Chilli continued, speaking in a sombre voice that made Bingo curl up next to her again. “When you were eight, Socks ripped up this doll you were keeping because it looked like me – she was angry because the cancer had made me crazy and I did bad things to her before I died – and then you got so angry that you bit her and the police put this thing called a muzzle on your mouth to stop you from biting anyone else.”

“I thought only babies bit,” said Bingo.

“Usually they do,” said Chilli, “but like I said, you were messed-up. You stayed in the muzzle for six years, and everyone called you a biter.”

“Did I ever get better and stop wanting to drink blood?”

“Yes,” said Chilli, “but it was because another dog died and you felt guilty for it.”

Bingo’s eyes widened in shock. “I killed a dog!?” she said.

“No, no,” said Chilli, “she got hit by a truck. But you thought you were to blame because the two of you were fighting. And that made you stop wanting to drink blood, but it also made

you feel so guilty about it that you stopped eating meat, and that made you sick because we're dogs, and so Dougie had to convince you to eat meat again."

"My… boyfriend?" said Bingo, having trouble processing all this crazy information.

"Well… yeah," said Chilli. "But I want you to know that I'm healthy and not in danger, and that I don't think you have it in you to do anything that bad no matter how sad you were, and that I'll always love you."

"Why would you not love me anymore?" asked Bingo.
Chilli looked down at the grass awkwardly. She wasn't sure how she'd explain this side of the dream. "Well…" she said eventually. "In the dream, I didn't like you because you grew in Aunty Brandy's tummy instead of mine. So I got angry, because I'm your dad's wife, so his babies should only grow in my tummy."

At this revelation, Bingo, for once, wasn't shocked or sad; instead, she… laughed. The very idea of Brandy being her mother instead of Chilli was so ridiculous to her that she actually started rolling on the grass, laughing her head off. "Aunty Brandy?" she said.

"I know," said Chilli. "It's nonsense, isn't it? Because we both know that I am your mum, and I love you very much. We both know that Aunty Brandy does have a baby in her tummy, but it's not you."

"Because I'm already born!" said Bingo through her giggles.

"Exactly," said Chilli, smiling at her daughter's response, which was making the sordid nightmare seem ludicrous. "Now, how about we sing Heads, Shoulders, Knees, and Toes?"

"Okay!" said Bingo, wagging her tail as they both stood up and began singing the song and doing the actions.

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Hardlyscarly, Bonesbogus98, TentacledSnakeLover, Slothking, Icy48, AltmanUseYourHandGrenades, and Tw6464 as well as 16 guests left kudos on this work!

Chilli's Recovery

- QuirkyTrekkie323
- Chapter 3: Bluey

Summary:

In which Chilli tells Bluey her part of the story. This one's a little short, since Bluey didn't have *that* much of a role in Bandit's Belt, all things considered. But the next one's a doozy -- it's Brandy!

--

Chilli was now in the yard with her other daughter, Bluey. While Bluey hadn’t suffered as much as Bingo had in her dream, Chilli was still glad to see that Bluey was still seven years old and not bereft.

Bluey was running around, admiring the flowers, and then said, “Hey, Mum, look at me!” and made a not-entirely-successful attempt at a cartwheel. Rather than be disappointed, however, she just laughed at herself and scrambled up.

“Mum,” said Bluey, “Bingo says that when you were unconscious, you dreamt that Bingo had actually grown in Aunty Brandy’s tummy instead of yours, and then you died, so she started wanting to drink blood, bit Socks, got put in a muzzle, felt guilty about another dog dying, and started dating a boy named Dougie. Did you really?”

“Yep,” said Chilli. “And it was intense!”

“Was I in your dream, Mum?” said Bluey.

“Well, yes, you were,” said Chilli.

“What was I like?” asked Bluey.

“Well,” said Chilli, “You were actually kind of lucky compared to most of the others, but you still didn’t have a very good time. You were sad that I died, of course, and then Mackenzie came over and offered you some wine, and you drank it.”

“But I thought wine was for grown-ups,” said Bluey.

“It is,” said Bluey, nodding. “That’s why your dad got angry and tried to hit you with his belt – well, that and the fact that when I died, the shock broke his brain.”

Bluey’s eyes widened in a mixture of fear and confusion – the thought of her father being that violent was both disturbing and a puzzle to her, since she had never known him to be that way.

“But,” said Chilli, “after that, things kind of eased off for you. You eventually grew to be ten years old, and on a trip to America, you met these two kids named Marcus Jr. and Hilda, and you’d play house together, based on Junior’s friends’ families.”

- “Marcus?” asked Bluey. “Honey said her dad’s name is Marcus. Does she have a brother? I thought she was an only child.”
- “No, this was a different dog who my mind just made up,” said Chilli. “And then you grew to be sixteen, and by then, you started dating Mackenzie.”
- “What?!” said Bluey. Much like her sister, she knew all about romance, but found it hard to imagine herself dating anyone. “Have you been talking to Winton!?” she added, remembering that he’d teased the two about marrying each other last year.
- Chilli giggled. “No. And eventually you grew to be twenty-one, and… that was pretty much it for you.”
- “Well,” said Bluey, “I’m glad that I got lucky in your dream, but I’m even more glad that it didn’t really happen – and you’re still alive, and Dad’s okay, and Bingo’s okay… and she grew in the right tummy.” She giggled as she said this last part, making Chilli giggle as well, and then Bluey went back to practicing her cartwheeling.

Chapter 4: Brandy

Summary:

- In which Chilli tells Brandy what happened in her dream, at the park.
-
- Chilli Heeler and Brandy Cattle sat on the grass under a tree. They were in a park that was perfect for playing with children, having picnics, or just speaking to each other, which is what Chilli and Brandy were doing right now.
- “So,” said Brandy, “I heard that the nightmare you had when you were out was pretty extreme. Was I in it?”
- Chilli didn’t know whether to smile at Brandy’s innocence, or reel from the shock of Brandy’s actions in the dream – she certainly had been in it, and not in the most flattering role – before Chilli’s death, the dream version of Brandy had been very “loose” in bed, including with Bandit, who she later went on to marry. A far cry from the loving sister and mother-to-be she was in reality.
- “Well… yes,” said Chilli. “You were.”
- “What did I do?” asked Brandy, looking a bit concerned, since her sister’s response to her question implied that she was not going to like the answer.
- “Well,” said Chilli, “You were… not the best. After I died–”
- “You dreamt of your own death!?” said Brandy, now even more shocked and concerned at what she could have possibly done after her sister’s death that was so disturbing.
- “Yes,” said Chilli. “The brain tumours I mentioned proved terminal, and then because I went crazy – as I mentioned – Bandit had to put me down.”

- “Good Lord!” said Brandy, with her jaw dropping. If her sister was not only dead, but died through “outside intervention”, by her brother-in-law no less, that would only make any actions she did after said death even worse.
- “I know, right?” said Chilli. “Anyway, after I died, you started helping Bandit with the girls. You took them to Crazy World, and did things like that to them.”
- Brandy’s head tilted in confusion. From how shocked Chilli had been, she’d expected her to say that she had desecrated her grave, or said bad things at the funeral, or something like that, but that just seemed like being a good aunt. “How is that bad?” she asked.
- “That wasn’t the bad part,” said Chilli. “Over the years, Bandit developed… feelings for you, and then the two of you began dating, and then… you got married.”
- “What?!” said Brandy. She liked Bandit, but as a brother-in-law, and couldn’t even imagine liking him “in that way”, even if Chilli was dead.
- “Yes,” said Chilli, “but that’s not all. Dad didn’t like you, because in the dream it was a crazy killer clown that killed Mum, and you were there, so he blamed you for the death and kept telling you that you should have died instead.”
- “That’s horrible!” said Brandy. “And most unlike him too!” The Cattle sisters’ father, Mort Cattle, was an impulsive, but very amiable dog, and even though both of his daughters were now middle-aged, he still saw them as his precious little girls, often stating that his memories of their childhood were just “yesterday” from his perspective, so the idea of him disliking one of them was a shock to Brandy.
- “And because Mum was beaten by a clown, you were terrified of them,” said Chilli. “And by extension, demons and large creatures from the underworld. Bandit had to save you from a clown when you and the girls went on a trip to Florida.”
- “Oh my!” said Brandy. “But I heard you say the word ‘years’. How long did this dream last for?”
- “Most of it took place over nine years,” said Chilli. “But then eventually, there was this one part that took place five years after that.”
- “And did I have my baby?” asked Brandy, patting her belly, in which her long-awaited soon-to-be-child was kicking away, oblivious to the whole conversation.
- “Well… yes and no,” said Chilli.
- “Yes and no?” said Brandy, scratching her head in confusion. “I didn’t… lose the baby, did I?”
- “Not exactly,” said Chilli. “There were two babies, but neither was this baby. And that was the worst part.”
- Brandy braced herself, filled with a combination of curiosity and dread, in preparation for the “worst part”. “Go on,” she said nervously.

- “Well,” said Chilli, “I not only saw the future in my dream, I saw the past, too. And in the past, you were a very lonely dog, which resulted in you being… well, active in bed. At one point, you made unwanted advances on Stripe, but…”
- “Stripe!?” said Brandy, loud enough to scare the birds away. “Bandit’s brother Stripe!? I had a baby with him?!”
- “No,” said Chilli. “That was just one of your previous encounters. The worst one, and the one which resulted in a baby, was with… Bandit. Before I died. And the baby was…” she looked down. “Bingo.”
- For what seemed like an eternity, but was actually just a few moments, the two sisters stared at each other in silence. Chilli was right – this was the worst part. Bingo, despite being the spitting image of her aunt, was emphatically not Brandy’s. In fact, this fact was what had driven a wedge between the two sisters four years ago.
- Back then, Brandy was certain that she couldn’t have kids, and so when Bingo was a year old and began to look like Brandy, and thus made her imagine what her hypothetical daughter would have been like, this had given her intense feelings of jealousy, to the point where the sisters had had a huge argument that had accumulated in Brandy claiming that she deserved kids more than Chilli due to being the oldest, which had made Chilli feel – in her words – “as small as a mouse” and had led to the sisters avoiding each other for years.
- “And… and… the other baby?” said Brandy, once she found her voice again. She wasn’t sure she wanted to know who this baby was.
- “The other baby came at the very end,” said Chilli. “It was a girl, and she was yours and Bandit’s. But she didn’t get to be born – and not because you lost the baby, but because… the baby lost you.”
- “What do you mean?” said Brandy. This was the strangest conversation she’d ever had with her little sister.
- “Well,” said Chilli. “After those fourteen years, you eventually got the same cancer I did, which caused you to go crazy, and so you had to be put down too, before the baby could be born.”
- Brandy stared. This whole conversation had been an emotional rollercoaster – no, scratch that. A rollercoaster goes up as well as down, whereas this conversation had just gone down, down, down, to the deepest, craziest depths. “Isn’t cancer… non-transmittable?” she said.
- “It is,” said Chilli, “but this was a strange, new kind of cancer. Kind of felt like a bad B-movie to be honest. And, among all that–” her ears drooped “--you never really seemed sad that I died.”

- Brandy put her arm around Chilli. “Trust me, Chilli,” she said, “I absolutely would be sad – I’d be crushed – if you died. You being in that coma was nerve-wracking, and I felt really bad about leaving you for those four years. And I’d never do that with Bandit or Stripe.”
- “I know you wouldn’t,” said Chilli, putting her hand in Brandy’s.
- “My baby,” said Brandy, “is going to have a very good aunt.”
- “And a very good mum,” said Chilli, glad to be with this version of Brandy and not the version from her dream.
- “Now,” said Brandy after a period of silence. “What do you think the baby’s name should be?”

Chapter 5: Mort

Summary:

- Chilli talks to Mort on a canoe ride. Another short one, since he also had a minor role.
-
- Chilli was now in a canoe, which was being paddled by her father Mort, through the lake by which she and Brandy had grown up. Her father, who was still alive and still loved both of his daughters to pieces.
- “I must say, that coma dream you had sounds serious,” said Mort. “You seemed to be relieved that I was even alive. Did I die or something?”
- “Well, yes,” said Chilli. “Eventually, but that wasn’t the only bad thing that happened to you in the dream.”
- “What happened?” said Mort, swatting at a mosquito.
- “Well,” said Chilli, “First, I died, because I had to be put down ‘cause of how crazy I was with that brain cancer.”
- Mort gasped. He didn’t want to imagine his “little girl” dead, much less for a reason as intense as that.
- “And naturally,” said Chilli, “you were sad about that, and about Mum being dead. But you didn’t express your grief in healthy ways.”
- “How so?” asked Mort.
- “Well, first off, before I died, when Mum died, you blamed Brandy and said she should have died instead.”
- “But how?” said Mort. “Brandy didn’t give your mum pneumonia.”
- “Well, in the dream, it was a killer clown that killed her, and she was there,” explained Chilli. “So, you hated Brandy, and then after I died, you became a traumatised mess from that, and your lingering memories from the army. So you

isolated yourself, lashed out at Brandy, and then, years later, you…" she looked down at her lap. "...killed yourself with a knife."

- Mort put a hand on Chilli's shoulder. "Trust me, Chilli," he said. "I may be old, but I ain't planning on kicking the bucket. And I love you and Brandy equally; you're both my two rays of sunshine. And don't forget that."
- "I won't," said Chilli.
- "And I promise, if my emotions got too much for me," said Mort, "I'd just go see a psychologist."
- "A psychologist," said Chilli. "A few people in my dream could have used one of those."
- "Really? Like who?" said Mort.
  "Well," said Chilli, "There was…"

Chapter 6: Trixie

Summary:

- Where Chilli tells Trixie about the miseries her nightmare counterpart went through.
-
- Chilli and Trixie were walking down the street, having a conversation. In Chilli's dream, Trixie was the dog who'd perhaps suffered the worst from her actions. Not only had she become disabled as a result of Chilli's deranged attack, she had later developed the same insane variant of brain cancer that had caused her to kill numerous dogs, including her own daughter Socks, and had to be put down just as Chilli had. As such, it was a relief to see that Trixie was still alive, perfectly able to walk, and still the friendly dog Chilli knew.
- "So," said Trixie, "You said that I was in your dream. I heard you say my name before you got cut off. So what happened to me in your dream?"
- "Well," said Chilli, "Brace yourself – it's nasty."
- "Okay," said Trixie, being both worried and curious as to what "nasty" thing could have happened to her in Chilli's dream.
- "Well," said Chilli, "You know how I had brain tumours and was going crazy?"
- "Yes," said Trixie.
- "Well, one crazy thing I did," said Chilli, "was that I yelled at you and called you fat and accused of being obsessed with food – which I don't actually believe, by the way". She knew that Trixie was still self-conscious about her weight and appetite and didn't want her to get the wrong idea.
- "No, I know you don't," said Trixie. "Go on."

- “And then,” said Chilli, “after I yelled at you, I attacked you with a broken bottle in the, um… intimate area.”
- “Yowch!” said Trixie, and flinched, almost tempted to grab her crotch but managing to stop herself since they were in public.
- “And it was so bad,” continued Chilli, “that your pelvis ended up broken and you ended up in a wheelchair. That made Stripe very angry at me, but he couldn’t do anything, because I was dead – Bandit had to put me down after I became too unhinged.”
- “Good Lord!” said Trixie, gasping and putting her hands to her mouth.
- “I know,” said Chilli. “So, you were in a wheelchair, but the good news was that there was hope that you could learn to walk again if you exercised. You were also afraid of Red Heelers because of how I attacked you, so you were afraid of Brandy and Bingo.”
- “That must’ve been hard for them, especially Bingo,” said Trixie, knowing that Bingo could become wracked with guilt over merely being called “cheeky” – she could only imagine how hard it would be for Bingo to have her aunt be afraid of her.
  “So, did I learn to walk again?” said Trixie.
- “Well, yes, but…” said Chilli hesitantly.
- “But what?” said Trixie, not sure how this conversation was going to go.
- “Well, you eventually got the same crazy cancer I had. I gave it to you when I attacked you, because it was apparently a new sort of cancer – they called it ‘psychorabia’ – that could spread.”
- Trixie gave a blank stare. This was starting to feel like some kind of bizarre medical drama.
- “And when you got it,” said Chilli, “you went crazy just like I did. You ran around on all fours, and barked. You also had a glowing eye, and somebody had cut out your other eye in self-defense.”
- Trixie yelped and grabbed her eye.
- “And then you went crazy around the city and tangled with Bingo – this was four years later, so she was nine, but it still wasn’t a fair fight. You bashed her up quite severely, but she still survived.”
- Trixie gulped. She’d known Bingo since she was a baby and didn’t want to imagine being the attacker of her cute little niece.
- “Unfortunately,” said Chilli, “You then went off and attacked a bunch of other dogs, which you did end up killing – in fact, you, well… ate them.”
- Trixie dry-heaved, then Chilli looked down sadly. “And…” she said. “The worst part…”
- “There’s a part that’s even worse than that!?” said Trixie, shocked.

- “Yes,” said Chilli somberly, “because one of the dogs you killed was… well… S-Socks.”
- Trixie gasped and teared up a little, unsure of what to say. Socks was one of Trixie’s two daughters – her little bundles of joy – so to imagine killing her was beyond words.
- “And then you had to be put down too,” said Chilli.
- “Well,” said Trixie, “if I killed little Socks, I’d deserve that!”
- “But you didn’t,” said Chilli, putting her hand on Trixie’s shoulder. “So you don’t. Oh, and after you died, Stripe became an alcoholic, and then he dated Wendy.”
- “Wendy?!” said Trixie. “Your neighbour!?”
- “That’s the one,” said Chilli. “And there was one funny thing you did in my dream.”
- “What was that?” asked Trixie.
- “You read online that broccoli was a fruit, and you believed it, to the point where the resulting argument went to court.”
- Trixie didn’t know whether to laugh, cry, or just stare agog, so she instead just shook her head and kept walking along the street with Chilli.

Chapter 7: Stripe

Summary:

Chilli shares Stripe's part of the story with him, over a bowl of cashews.

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

- Chilli and Stripe stood on the Heelers’ front porch, talking. While Stripe didn’t end up severely injured or dead in her dream, he’d still suffered, since he’d had so many of his relatives die, so seeing him happy was a welcome sight to Chilli.
- “So, Trix told me what you said about your dream,” said Stripe, stuffing his mouth with cashews. “She said I became an alcoholic after she and Socks died.”
- “Yes,” said Chilli, “Well, you kind of already had a drinking problem, but it became worse after they died, and so Wendy had to make you give up, and in turn, you made her give up smoking.”
- “Yeah, Wendy!” said Stripe. “I can’t believe I was dating her! I barely even know the lady; I only know her because she’s Bandit’s neighbour.”
- “Well, not in the dream,” said Chilli. “In the dream, she was your first crush when you were ten.”
- “What!?” said Stripe, spitting out a cashew. “That’s not true! My first crush was…” he looked down shyly and finished, “…the older sister of one of my school friends.”

- Chilli giggled and said, “Yeah, she was this troubled, rich girl, but she didn’t like you back at first, so she dumped a milkshake on you, so you got revenge on her by dumping rotten fish on her while she was doing ballet onstage.”
- “Blech!” said Stripe.
- “But you regretted it, because you snuck into her house disguised as a Spanish-speaking dog.”
- “I what?!” said Stripe.
- “You heard me,” said Chilli, “and even though she treated you like a slave, you found out that the reason she was a brat was because her parents were abusive, and then she started liking you back, but didn’t realise it was you.”
- “Oof! Awkward!” said Stripe.
- “It was,” said Chilli. “But then, years later after Trixie died, you two started dating, and Muffin even started calling her Aunt Wendy.”
- Stripe tried to think of the rambunctious, hyper Muffin being the stepdaughter or niece to the polite, neat Wendy, which made him chuckle a bit. Then, he said, “And Trixie says I got angry at you and at Bandit after you attacked Trixie.”
- “Yes, you did,” said Chilli. “You thought I was a bad dog and that Bandit was also bad for marrying her and not seeing her the same way. So there was bad blood between you two for three years.”
  “Three years!?” said Stripe. He’d had his feuds with Bandit before, since they were boys, but none of them had lasted that long.
- “Yep,” said Chilli.
- Stripe looked serious and said, “Chilli… I know I love a good drink. But I don’t actually have a problem… do I?”
- “No,” said Chilli. “You drink beer at barbecues, but that’s normal, and you got drunk on Christmas, and at my wedding, but those are perfectly normal times to be drunk. So you don’t have a problem.”
- “Good,” said Stripe. “Because I know I’m not perfect, but I at least try.”

Chapter 8: Socks

Summary:

- Where Chilli babysits Socks and tells her (in the nicest way possible) about her dream.
- --
- While Stripe was playing squash with Bandit and Trixie was taking Muffin to Crazy World, Chilli was at Stripe and Trixie’s house, looking after Socks. Socks, who, unlike in Chilli’s crazy nightmare, was still alive, still two years old, and still perfectly willing and able to speak.

- She was now sitting on the floor with some art supplies, drawing. Being a two-year-old, she couldn't really draw dogs or things yet, but she was having fun scribbling lines and shapes. "Aunt Chilli," she said.
- "Yes?" said Socks.
- "Mummy says you dreamt she ate me! Is it true?"
- Chilli gulped. She knew that the horrors of her nightmare were not the kind of stuff a two-year-old should be experiencing. However, she didn't want to lie either, so she sighed and said, "Yes. It is true. But it was just a crazy nightmare I had; she'd never really eat you. And even in the nightmare, it was because she had a really bad disease, so she wasn't herself."
- "Is the disease real?" asked Socks.
- "Yes and no," said Chilli. "It was a version of a real disease, called cancer, but it was a type of cancer that doesn't really exist. Cancer in real life isn't that crazy."
- "And Daddy doesn't love your neighbour, he loves Mummy, right?" said Socks.
- "Right," said Chilli, giggling.
- "And Bingo says that in your dream, she bit me," said Socks.
- "Yes," said Chilli, "because I died from that cancer and she was so sad that she went a bit crazy. And she was angry at you because you ripped up her doll that looked like me, 'cause you were angry at me because before I died, I lashed out at you and you got so scared you forgot how to talk. But that didn't really happen, and Bingo wouldn't actually bite you."
- "I know that!" said Socks, laughing at the ridiculousness of the idea. "Aunt Chilli, Bingo once 'pologised to an ant for stepping on it."
- Chilli laughed – that definitely sounded like something Bingo would do.
- "Let's play in the pool!" said Socks, looking for her armbands.
- "Good idea," said Chilli, going off to swim with her little niece.

Chapter 9: Muffin

Summary:

- Where Chilli tells Muffin about her role.
-
- Chilli was now pushing Muffin on the swing. "Higher, Aunt Chilli!" shouted Muffin.
- "No," said Chilli. "This is as high as I'll go."
- "No fair!" said Muffin. "Bluey says that when she was two, Uncle Bandit pushed her all the way over the bar!"
- "That was by accident," said Chilli. "He was distracted by his phone, and he was very sleepy because Bingo had kept him awake all night."

- “Oh,” said Muffin. “Anyway, my family says you dreamt about all of them when you were in that big sleep. Did you dream about me too?”
- “Yes,” said Chilli.
- “What did I do?!” said Muffin, eagerly. Chilli chuckled – her little niece was so gung-ho that she wanted to be part of everything, even her aunt’s twisted nightmares.
- “Not much at first,” said Chilli. “You just did your own thing, and then eventually, when you were twelve, you got sad that your mum and Socks died, so you dealt with that sadness by eating too much and playing a video game you were too young for.”
- Muffin’s eyes sparked at the idea of herself doing something that wasn’t allowed, even if it was to cope with grief.
- “But,” said Chilli in a warning voice, “You must never play a game you’re too young for. There’s a reason age ratings exist!”
- “Okay,” said Muffin in defeat.
- “And also, because I was dead in the dream, your Uncle Bandit married my sister Brandy, and you almost became the ringbearer. But you got your first period, so you had to be cleaned up and have it explained to you, and by the time that had happened, the wedding was already finished.”
- “What’s a period?” said Muffin.
- “Well,” said Chilli, “Female dogs bleed a bit every month from their, um… lower areas. The blood is how our bodies prepare for babies, and if there’s no baby in the woman’s tummy, the blood comes out. But you won’t have your first period in a few years,” said Chilli.
- “Oh, okay,” said Muffin. “Now I’m gonna go down the slide!”

Chapter 10: Chris and Bob

Summary:

Chilli talks to her in-laws over tea and cupcakes; the first chapter with three main dogs in it.

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chilli was now at the apartment of her in-laws, Chris and Bob, having some tea and cupcakes with them. “Bandy told me about your dream,” said Chris. “Was I in it?”

- “And what about me?” said Bob. “Was I in your dream?”
- “Well, you were,” said Chilli, “but not much. But it was still pretty bad.”
-
- “How so?” said Chris. After hearing what her second son told her, she was prepared to hear anything.

- “Well,” said Chilli, “First, when I was having an irrational rage because of that crazy cancer, I knocked you out with a bottle, Chris.”
- “Oh!” said Chris, trying to imagine her mild-mannered daughter-in-law doing such an act, but failing.
- “And then,” said Chilli, “you both went to my funeral, and Bob, you knocked Stripe to the floor – though not unconscious this time – as punishment for drunkenly calling you, Chris, an old hag.”
- Bob shook his head. Sure, he raised his sons in the ‘80s, back when “mums were allowed to be mean and dads weren’t much help either”, but he never did anything worse than yell at or swat his boys. Now that he was older, he saw even that as excessive, so he couldn’t imagine knocking one of them to the floor. Not to mention, Stripe was easily the politest Heeler brother; he couldn’t imagine him calling his own mother an old hag, even if he was drunk.
- “And then,” said Chilli, “years later… well, Chris, you got the same cancer that I had, and you went crazy and… ate Bob.”
- At this point, Chris coughed and spluttered on her cupcake, while Bob spat out his mouthful of tea all over the place and began sheepishly mopping it up with a napkin. Even though both were prepared to hear something bad, neither expected it to be Chris eating Bob.
- “Bob, dear,” said Chris, “when I said I loved you so much I could eat you all up, that was just an expression.”
- “I know, honey,” said Bob. “And don’t worry - I may be old, but I ain’t leaving this Earth soon!”
- “Of course not,” said Chilli – after all, Bob was still hale enough to go on a long trip to India; she was not actually concerned about his livelihood.

Chapter 11: Wendy

Summary:

- Chilli tells Wendy about her side of the dream, over a game of badminton.
-
- Chilli was in the Chow Chows’ yard, playing badminton with Wendy. “Can we talk about this dream I had when I was in that coma?” asked Chilli.
- “Sure,” said Wendy.
- “Well,” said Chilli, “You were there. You babysat the girls when I was in the hospital with those brain tumours. Then, you went to visit me in the hospital, but like I said, I was crazy by then, and I was all aggressive and barked. You had to keep me engaged while they did surgery on you…”
- “Don’t they put you to sleep while doing surgery?” asked Wendy.

- “Usually they do, but I’d become immune to anaesthesia,” explained Chilli. “And I’d bitten my tongue in half.”
- Wendy used the hand that wasn’t holding her racquet and grabbed at her mouth.
- “And then I spat a piece of Trixie’s skin onto you because I’d attacked her before, so you threw up.”
- Wendy gagged, but luckily she didn’t actually throw up this time. “Trixie? That’s your sister-in-law, isn’t it?”
- “Yes,” said Chilli. “Stripe’s wife. And then that really shook you up, so you developed a smoking habit.”
- “That doesn’t sound like me,” said Wendy. “I’ve never smoked. It takes ages to get the smell out of your fur!”
- “And then, it was awkward,” said Chilli, “because you saw Bandit throwing out some bags of rotten fish that had the girls’ shedded fur in it, and you thought he’d killed the girls.”
- “I thought what?!” said Wendy. “Trust me, Judo and I go through that seasonal shed in the springtime; I’ve had experience with shedded fur, so I wouldn’t think something like that.”
- “That’s good,” said Chilli, “because in the dream, Bandit got so angry at you for thinking that and calling the police, that he tried to choke you to death.”
- Wendy dropped her racquet. “He what!?” Wendy had always thought Bandit was a little crazy, but she still knew he was the wacky kind of crazy; not the violent kind.
- “Well, he had to put me down,” said Chilli, “and the shock had given him schizophrenia.”
- “Good gracious!” said Wendy.
- “And three years later,” said Chilli, “Judo started smoking too, but it made her choke on her own spit. She survived, but it was still scary.”
- “Is that why she says you told her not to do anything that was bad for her?” said Wendy.
- “Exactly,” said Chilli, “and then Judo dreamt that you coughed up two babies, one of whom was this weird worm thing.”
- “Huh?” said Wendy, tilting her head.
- “Yeah, that part was weird. It felt more like a joke than anything,” said Chilli. “But then you punished Judo by yelling at her, making her count grains of rice, and hitting her with a ruler.”
- “What?!” said Wendy, alarmed at the thought of doing that to her little fluffy baby.
- “Well, it was because your parents had abused you when you were a kid,” said Chilli.

- “Well, I can assure you they didn’t,” said Wendy, “they thought I was an adorable little fluff ball, and I feel the same way about Judo. I’d never hurt her.”
- “I know that,” said Chilli. “And then you were invited to a barbecue with Bandit and the girls, but things went a bit pear-shaped and Bingo bit Judo, so you wouldn’t let her visit the girls anymore.”
- “Bingo, bite?” said Wendy, confused that the bashful little Heeler girl would do such a thing.
- “Well, my death shook her up,” said Chilli. “And then, Stripe saw you and you got angry and kicked him in the family jewels.”
- Wendy covered her mouth, shocked that she’d do something so crass and violent.
- “And then I saw the past, explaining why,” continued Chilli. “You were ten years old, and you met Stripe at the store. He had a crush on you, but you turned him down by dumping a milkshake on him.”
- “No way I’d do that,” said Wendy. “Even as a kid.”
- “Well, you did it in my dream,” said Chilli. “And he got back at you by disguising himself as this Spanish-speaking boy and being your servant so he could dump rotten fish on you during your ballet performance, ‘cause you were this wealthy ballerina girl.”
- “As much as being rich sounds fun, I wouldn’t want to be an abused brat,” said Wendy, “and what is it with me and rotten fish in this dream?”
- Wendy shrugged. “But while he was doing his scheme, you started liking him back, and so after Trixie died – because this crazy new cancer could spread, and it killed her – you started dating him.”
- “Me date Stripe!?” said Wendy. She’d been looking for a new boyfriend ever since the divorce, but she couldn’t see Stripe in that way; he was far too… loose for her standards. Not to mention, she couldn’t see herself keeping up with that energetic little girl of his.
- “Yes,” said Chilli, “and he had this drinking problem that got worse out of grief, so you got on his case about getting sober, and in return, he got on your case about smoking, but you managed to make it work.
- Wendy shook her head.
- “And then,” said Chilli, “Muffin taught you to play video games when you were sad instead of smoking.”
- “Muffin?” said Wendy. “Which one is she?”
- “The older, hyper one,” said Chilli. Wendy tried to imagine herself sharing a gaming session with the little dynamo that was Muffin Heeler, but she could not.
- “Okay then,” said Wendy, “the score is… I forgot.”

- “Me too,” said Chilli. “Let’s have another game.”
- “Good idea,” said Wendy. “The first serve is yours.”

Chapter 12: Judo

Summary:

- Judo finds out why Chilli made her promise not to do anything that was bad for her.
-
- Wendy had gone out and left Chilli in charge of Judo, and the two of them were sitting on the couch, watching Chunky Chimp, the movie about the “different” chimp who learned to “be himself”.
- “Mrs. Heeler?” asked Judo.
- “Yes?” said Chilli.
- “Why did you make me and Mackenzie promise not to do anything that was bad for us when you woke up from your coma?” asked Judo.
- “Well,” said Chilli, “it had to do with that scary dream I had. In the dream, your mum had been smoking because she was unhappy at everything that was going wrong, so you decided to do it too.”
- “And smoking is bad because it turns your lungs black, right?” said Judo.
- “Exactly,” said Chilli. “You were ten years old, and you tried to teach Bluey how to smoke too, but you ended up choking.”
- Judo flinched.
- “You were okay,” said Judo, “but Bluey ran to get your mum, and while your mum was distracted, Bingo broke her arm, so that made Bluey say she hated you.”
- “I hope that doesn’t happen!” said Judo. She had trouble making friends; it was one unfortunate part of being a Chow Chow.
- “I’m sure it won’t,” said Chilli. “And then your mum was mean to you and hit you because, in the dream, her own parents had been that way when she was a kid. But you don’t need to worry, because I spoke to her, and she told me that wasn’t true at all.”
- “No way,” said Judo. “My mum doesn’t even like the phrase ‘better out than in’; there’s no way she’d go as far as hitting."
- Chilli giggled. “But luckily for you in the dream, you and Bluey did end up being friends again, but it was when you were teenagers.”
- Judo tried to imagine herself as a teenager, but found it difficult. “Well,” she said, “I still promise you I won’t smoke, or do anything else that was bad for me.”
- “Good to know,” said Chilli.

Chapter 13: Mackenzie

- Summary:
- Where Chilli talks to Mackenzie.
- Notes:
- (See the end of the chapter for notes.)
-
- Chilli was babysitting Mackenzie while his parents were out on a date, and the two of them were drawing together. When Chilli drew a heart, it reminded Mackenzie of something, so he said, “Bluey says you dreamt I was dating her! Yuck!”
- Chilli laughed. “Yep, I did. That was her response, too.”
- “Winton wouldn’t stop teasing us when he learnt about that dream,” said Mackenzie.
- “I can imagine,” said Chilli.
- “And also, she says we drank wine in your dream. Is that why you told me and Judo not to do anything that was bad for us?” asked Mackenzie.
- “Yes, exactly,” said Chilli. “You drank wine, and Judo smoked, but both of those things are very bad for you, especially when you’re a kid.”
- “Yeah, I know,” said Mackenzie.
- “Also,” said Chilli, “in my dream, your dad hit you because you drank wine. He doesn’t actually do anything like that, does he?”
- “No way!” said Mackenzie. “My dad’s a nice dad. He reads me bedtime stories and he calls me his special little guy.”
- Chilli smiled warmly at the idea of that, as she noticed that Mackenzie was drawing a picture of himself and his dad together.

Chapter 14: Dougie

- Summary:
- Where Chilli sees two dogs who are suspiciously like two she dreamt about.
-
- The Heelers were on the playground one day. Bandit was pushing Bingo on a swing, Bluey was spinning in one of those little spinning seats that make you dizzy, and Chilli was sitting on the bench looking at the view.
- However, just then, something caught her eye, or rather someone, or more accurately, two someones. A female Cavapoo and a little boy Cavapoo, who appeared to be her son. The boy appeared to be five years old – the same age as Bingo. And Chilli had dreamt about a female Cavapoo with a son Bingo’s age when she was in her coma.
- She tried to shrug it off, but then the Cavapoo woman appeared to be signing to her son. And the boy had been deaf in her dream, too! And in case things couldn’t get

any weirder, the woman spoke: “I don’t know where that turtle toy is, Dougie. I guess his owner must have finally taken him home.”

- “His name is Dougie!?” Chilli said, quietly but in a shocked voice, to herself.
- Bingo looked up from the swing and said, “Dougie? The boyfriend I had in your dream, Mum?”
- Chilli lowered her voice so that the Cavapoo lady couldn’t hear and said, “There’s a deaf Cavapoo boy named Dougie your age – in real life!”
- Bingo clung onto the swing nervously. “Does that mean all that bad stuff will come true?” she said. “That you’ll die, and Dad and I will go crazy, and Aunt Trixie will die, and I was in the wrong tummy and all that!?”
- “No, of course not,” said Chilli. “It’s just a strange coincidence.”
- Then, the Cavapoo woman looked over at Chilli and said, “Is something wrong, ma’am? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”
- Chilli didn’t know what to say. “I had a coma dream where a boy who was just like your son dated my daughter” would make her sound like a creepy lunatic, even though it was true. Eventually, she just said, “Nothing, just… remembering a scary dream I had.”
- “Oh, okay,” said the Cavapoo woman. “Is that your family?”
- “Yes,” said Chilli. “This is my husband Bandit…”

Rating:

- General Audiences

Archive Warning:

- **No Archive Warnings Apply**

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- F/M
- Gen

Fandom:

- Bluey (Cartoon 2018)

Relationship:

- Bandit Heeler/Chilli Heeler

Characters:

- Chilli Heeler
- Bandit Heeler
- Chilli Heeler's Mum
- Bingo Heeler
- Bluey Heeler
- Muffin Heeler

- Socks Heeler
- Stripe Heeler
- Trixie Heeler
- Lucky (Bluey Cartoon 2018)
- Mackenzie (Bluey Cartoon 2018)

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Hard to Breathe

QuirkyTrekkie323

Summary:

Wondering what disease Bingo had in "Bumpy and the Wise Old Wolfhound"? Well, in this story, it was pneumonia. And that's troubling news for Chilli, since that's what killed her mum.

Notes:

(See the end of the work for notes.)

Chapter 1: Pneumonia

It had begun with a cold, but instead of going away after a day or two or three like most colds, it had gotten progressively worse, and now, little Bingo Heeler was in the hospital. Diagnosis? Pneumonia.

This was, naturally, a troubling thing for her parents, Bandit and Chilli, but especially in the case of the latter, since years ago, when Chilli was pregnant with Bingo’s older sister Bluey, her own mother had contracted pneumonia, and… well, she had died from it.

The Heeler parents were currently sitting in the living room at night time, while Bluey slept upstairs in the bedroom she usually shared with Bingo.

“Bandit, I’m… worried,” said Chilli, looking somberly down at her lap. “Pneumonia was the very thing that did Mum in, and now Bingo has it, and I can’t lose her!”

“You’re not going to, babe,” said Bandit, in a voice that conveyed sympathy and seriousness, but also hope, as he put his hand on Chilli’s.

“But how can you be so sure?” asked Chilli.

“You must remember that Bingo’s a strong little girl,” pointed out Bandit, “and your mum… well, she was up in years. Pneumonia’s way more dangerous for the elderly than it is for younger people, especially children.”

Chilli clutched Bandit’s hand, and cried, but she also gave a small, hopeful smile. As sad and worried as she was, she knew her husband was right.

She and Bandit went upstairs to go to bed themselves, and on the way, they passed by their daughters’ bedroom and took a quiet peek through the door.

In Bluey’s bedroom, she was sleeping deeply and shifting around in her sleep, perhaps dreaming about being whatever animal she’d decided she wanted to be this time. Bingo’s bed, on the other hand, was empty.

Granted, it had been empty for a while; ever since Bingo had come down with the dreaded cold that had eventually led to the pneumonia, Bandit and Chilli had put her in a different bedroom so that she did not spread the disease to Bluey, but now that Bingo was in the hospital instead of simply in another part of the house, the bed’s emptiness had a new, more pressing, meaning.

As the Heeler parents climbed into their own bed and fell asleep, they couldn’t help but think of Bingo, but deep down, they knew that she would not suffer her grandmother’s fate.

Chapter 2: Bluey's Idea

Summary:

Bluey gets the idea of writing the story.

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

The next day, Stripe and Trixie came over to visit Bandit, Chilli, and Bluey. When Bingo was at home, Bandit and Chilli did not allow visitors for fear of them catching Bingo’s cold, but now that she was in the hospital, the house was safe.

“Hi, Bluey!!” said Muffin, wagging her tail like mad, while Socks jumped up and licked Bluey.

Bluey giggled. “Hi, Muffin! Hi, Socks!”

“Where’s Bingo?” asked Muffin, looking around.

“She’s in the hospital, kiddo,” said Bandit.

Muffin’s tail immediately stopped wagging, and her expression turned serious. “Oh. Why?”

“She has pneumonia,” said Chilli sadly, looking down.

“What’s new ammonia?” asked Muffin.

“Pneumonia, Muffin,” said Bluey. “It means she got a cold which messed up her lungs - the parts of her body that make her breathe - and made her very sick.”

“Indeed,” said Chilli, tearing up a little bit.

“Why are you crying, Aunt Chilli?” asked Muffin, sounding a lot quieter than she usually did.

“It’s just…” said Chilli. She wasn’t sure how to break it to these young girls, but she knew lying would do no good either… “...Pneumonia’s a bit of a tricky subject for me, because… it’s how my mum died.”

Muffin gasped dramatically. “YOU MEAN BINGO’S GONNA DIE!?” she yelled. She had a vague understanding of what death was due to a “very special” episode of Cat Squad.

“No,” said Chilli. “No. My mum was old, and Bingo’s a little girl. It’s different. I’m going to visit her soon in the hospital, and I’m gonna tell her you said hello.”

“Can’t I come too, Aunt Chilli?” asked Muffin.

“I’m afraid not, sweetie,” said Chilli. “We don’t want you catching any germs.”

Soon afterwards, Chilli had gone to see Bingo, Bandit was in the kitchen talking to Stripe and Trixie over cheese and crackers, and the three girls were in the living room. Socks was scratching herself, too young to really understand what was going on, but Bluey and Muffin were sitting on the rug.

“I’m not sure I want to play anymore,” said Muffin. “Bingo being sick puts me in a bad mood.”

“Yeah, it’s sad,” said Bluey. “But she’s gonna get better.” Then, she lit up. “Hey, I’ve got an idea!”

“What’s the idea, Bluey!?” asked Muffin.

“Well,” said Bluey. “At school, Calypso told me a story about how death is just a part of life.”

“I thought you said Bingo wasn’t gonna die,” said Muffin.

“No,” said Bluey. “I was thinking, we could make a story like that, but it’s not about death - it’s about getting sick.”

“Go on?” said Muffin.

“We could do it the day before she gets better,” said Bluey. “And at the end, we could say, ‘See you tomorrow’ to her.”

“Sounds fun!” said Muffin, perking up and wagging her tail again.

She and Bluey dashed into the kitchen to tell their dads and Trixie about the new idea.
“Guess what!?” said Muffin.

“You found an alien?” said Bandit.

“No,” said Bluey, giggling. “I thought we could make a story for Bingo the day before she recovers.”

“Really?” asked Trixie. “What kind of story?”

“Like the story Calypso told me about the mustard seeds,” said Bluey. “Except it’s about sickness, not death.”

“Oh, great idea!” said Bandit. “But let’s keep it a surprise for Chilli. It’ll cheer her up as well as Bingo.”

Bluey and Muffin smiled - they liked keeping secret surprises.

“We could make it a play,” said Stripe, making the girls squeal excitedly and wag their tails. “Bluey can be the main character, because she’s the one who came up with it.”

Bluey posed proudly, and Muffin said, “I wanna be in the play too!”
“You definitely can,” said Bluey. “You can be… a baker.”

“Cool!” said Muffin.

“And Socks can be the sick kid, since she doesn’t need to talk to play that role,” said Bluey.

“I’ll be a shopkeeper,” said Bandit.

“And I’ll be one of the neighbours,” said Stripe.

“Who can I be?” asked Trixie.

“You can be the wise character who tricks me into learning my important lesson,” said Bluey. “You tell me to find something from someone who’s never been sick, and that’ll make me realise that everyone does.”

“And maybe,” said Bandit, “instead of mustard seeds, it’s… underpants!”

This made Bluey and Muffin burst out laughing. Underpants were still funny even though they hardly ever wore them.

“Purple underpants!” suggested Stripe, making the girls laugh even harder.

“I’ll see if I can get Lucky and Mackenzie to be in the play, too!” said Bluey.

“Who are they?” asked Muffin.

“Lucky’s one of the boys next door,” explained Bluey. “And Mackenzie’s a boy at my school.”

“Let’s do it!” said Muffin, throwing her arms up eagerly.

“But not now,” said Bluey. “Now, let’s play on my trampoline.”

Notes:

The next chapter will show Chilli's visit to Bingo during the events of this one.

Notes:

Okay, so this story is a little darker than most of my stories, but I promise you it won't be *too* dark, since it will end on Bingo making a complete recovery and everyone being hunky-dory.

I'm wondering what I should put in the middle -- I want the final chapter to be Bingo getting better, and there to be one chapter that's the making of the play seen in the episode. Any ideas for what else I could put in the story?

Insert_Unoriginal_Name, FrigginFroggies, JosieHook20, mistersinister24, Anthony_1l, Delighted_Extraterrestrial, KermitTheeFrog, Nuka_Silly, TentacledSnakeLover, Flainfan, and Akemi432 as well as 3 guests left kudos on this work!

Expanding the scene! Let’s bring in the Heelers for that classic "neighborly" beach vibe.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS
A few dozen yards down the shoreline, the HEELER FAMILY is packing up their towels. BLUEY (7) is trying to shake sand out of a soggy rug, but stops when she hears a familiar *THWACK*.
BLUEY
Hey, look! It’s Rusty!
BINGO (5)
(Pointing)
And he’s playing cricket! Can we go help?
BANDIT
(Grunting as he lifts a heavy beach bag)
I don’t know, kids. The Kelpies take their cricket pretty seriously. We might just get in the way of a professional practice session.
CHILLI
Oh, look at them, Bandit. Rusty’s Dad is back.
Bandit stops. He looks over and sees DAD(Rusty’s Dad) lifting a tiny, giggling DUSTY onto his shoulders while RUSTY shows MUM his batting stance. Bandit’s expression softens into a warm smile.
BANDIT
Well, in that case... maybe we can spare five minutes.
Bluey and Bingo don't wait. They’re already sprinting across the sand, kicking up spray.

BLUEY
Rusty! Rusty! Look at my "sand-dog" impression!
Bluey flops into the sand and wiggles. Rusty looks up, his face lighting up.
RUSTY
Hey, Bluey! Hey, Bingo! Dad, look! It's my friends from school!
DAD
(Waving)
G'day, Heelers!
MUM
Perfect timing! We were just about to open the condensed milk.
BANDIT
(Walking up, panting)
Did someone say condensed milk? I hope you brought a big spoon, mate.
DAD
(Laughing)
For you, Bandit? I brought the whole tin.
Rusty hands a small, plastic bat to BINGO.
RUSTY
Want to play, Bingo? I'll bowl slow ones. Digger says I'm getting really good at the "spinny" ones.
BINGO
(Determined)
Get ready, Rusty! I'm going to hit it all the way to New Zealand!
As the sun sets, casting a golden glow over the water, the two families merge into one big, chaotic game. The sound of laughter and the *clack* of the bat echoes against the waves.

Should we end it there with a sunset montage, or should Jack show up to turn it into a full "Army" training session on the dunes?

The interaction between Brandy and Bingo is a powerful theme in *Bluey* fanfiction, largely because Bingo bears a striking physical resemblance to her aunt, which reminds Brandy of the family she struggled to have. While Brandy apologizes to her sister Chilli in the official show for her long absence, fan writers often create scenes where she offers a more personal apology to Bingo for missing her early years.
Common Fanfic Themes for Brandy & Bingo

- Missing Milestones: Stories often focus on Brandy apologizing for not being there for Bingo's birth or early birthdays. In Sister Trauma, Brandy expresses her guilt for staying away and promises to always be there for her nieces now that they've reconnected.

- "The One That Looks Like Me": Writers explore the "twin" resemblance between the two. Some fanfics use this as a platform for Brandy to explain that she didn't stay away because she didn't love Bingo, but because the love was actually *too* painful to face.
- The Infertility Explanation: Because *Bluey creator* Joe Brumm confirmed Brandy's storyline is about infertility, fan stories like On a Night Under the Shining Stars feature heartfelt conversations where Brandy explains her "sadness" to Bingo in child-friendly terms.

Script-Style Draft: "Aunty's Secret"

[EXT. HEELER BACKYARD - GOLDEN HOUR]

Bingo is sitting alone under the big tree, clutching her Floppy plushie. Brandy approaches slowly.

BRANDY: Hey, kiddo. Can I join you?

BINGO: (Quietly) Okay. Auntie Brandy? Why did you stay away for such a long time? Did I do something wrong?

BRANDY: (Sighing, sitting beside her) Oh, Bingo. Never. You were the most perfect little puppy.

BINGO: Then why?

BRANDY: Have you ever wanted something so much it made your tummy hurt? Like when Bluey got the cheetah onesie and you had the zebra?

BINGO: I *wanted* the cheetah one.

BRANDY: Well, I wanted a little girl just like you. And seeing you was like a big, sad reminder that I couldn't have one. I was being a bit of a "bad sport" sister.

BINGO: (Hugging her) It's okay. You can share me with Mum.

BRANDY: (Tearing up) I'm so sorry I missed your first four years, Bingo. I'm going to make up for every single day.

Would you like me to write a follow-up scene where Brandy brings a special gift to "make up" for the lost time, or perhaps a scene involving Bingo's reaction to Brandy's pregnancy news?

In the *Bluey* fanfiction community, "Bandit's Belt"(specifically the work by The Home Blue) is a well-known, high-drama, and controversial story that deviates significantly from the show's tone. On TV Tropes, it is categorized under "Adaptational Angst Upgrade" and "Hurt/Comfort/Tragedy".

Core Trope & Context

The story's title refers to a specific scene where a grieving and unstable Bandit, suffering from schizophrenia following Chilli's death, nearly hits Bluey with a belt. However, Bingo intervenes and takes the hit instead, which serves as a major turning point for her character development.

Bingo and Brandy Scenes

In this AU (Alternate Universe), Brandy is revealed to be Bingo's biological mother due to a past affair with Bandit, making Chilli her aunt. Their relationship is defined by several key tropes:

- Family Relationship Switcheroo: Bingo initially resents Brandy for "replacing" Chilli, but eventually learns that Brandy is her biological mother.
- The Muzzle Incident: After Bingo develops a "biting addiction" (psychorabia) as a trauma response, she is forced to wear a muzzle. A pivotal scene involves Brandy being the one to comfort Bingo and rush her to the hospital after she self-harms to hide a biting injury.
- Innocent Awkward Questions: In Chapter 13, Bingo asks Brandy difficult questions about the family's past and whether Chilli actually "killed people," causing Brandy to shut down emotionally.
- The Single Tear: A recurring motif where Brandy is shown crying a single tear while consoling Bingo or when Bluey accidentally calls her "Mum".
- Healing and Muzzle Removal: By Chapter 40, as the family begins to heal, Brandy is present for the emotional scene where Bingo's muzzle is finally removed.

Key Comparisons

Feature	***Canon Bluey***	***Bandit's Belt Fanfic***
Chilli & Bingo	Loving mother/daughter	Chilli resents/attacks Bingo
Bingo & Brandy	Aunt/Niece; similar looks	Biological Mother/Daughter
Bandit	Playful, patient father	Grieving, schizophrenic, sometimes abusive
Bingo's "Biter" Trait	Playful "nibbling"	Dangerous, blood-crazed "psychorabia"

Would you like to explore a summary of a specific chapter from the TV Tropes recaps, or are you looking for a list of other "Dark Bluey" stories?

Steven universe/Scar the witch hunter and Ross quartz half brothers
All lots lots lots lots lots lots of the lion guard lion king and lion king 2 Simbas pride zira mufasa all animals all lions animals Steven's lion and hyena
All characters timelines everything everything everything everything connected to them all added back to the collection 2015 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26
Steven universe trials against evil
Lion king 1994 and lion king 2 1998
the Joker/Emperor Scar
Scar/Taka wayne the demon thorn all lion king and lion guard deviantart

In the 2024 film *Mufasa: The Lion King*,2d prequel AU of Steven Universe the character Scar (originally named Taka) is portrayed as a tragic figure whose descent into villainy is driven by a combination of personal rejection, deep-seated resentment, and a belief that his destiny was stolen from him.
The primary reasons for his "evil" transformation in this specific origin story include:

- Romantic Rejection & Jealousy: Taka was in love with Sarabi, but she chose to love Mufasa/Bruce Wayne instead. This personal rejection, combined with Mufasa's rising status, deeply embittered him.
- Stolen "Destiny" and Throne: Taka believed he was meant to be the king in the Valley of Kings. When Mufasa was ultimately chosen to lead the Pride Lands (Milele) over him, Taka felt his birthright and potential for leadership had been completely usurped by his adoptive brother.
- Corruption by External Influence: A rogue lion named Kiros played a major role in corrupting Taka. During a confrontation, Taka attempted to save Mufasa from Kiros, resulting in the physical scar on his face.
- Disowning and Family Trauma: After Taka's initial betrayal—leading dangerous outsiders toward Mufasa—he attempted to apologize. However, Mufasa disowned him, refusing to even use Taka's birth name again. This final break in their relationship led Taka to fully adopt the name "Scar" and commit to a path of bitterness and hatred.especially After taka refused to let go of his witch hunting prejudice with Scar disowning himself from Mufasa permanently and his hatred towards the witches and demons continued to appoint him for over 400 years

While there is no single official "fanfic episode," the Janja and Jasiri pairing (commonly called Janjasiri) is one of the most popular themes in *The Lion Guard* fan fiction. Most fan-created "episodes" or stories focus on their life together after Janja joins Jasiri's clan at the end of the series.

This comparison highlights why *Bandit's Belt* is often cited as the most "notorious" story in the *Bluey* fandom. It takes the show's lighthearted DNA and flips it into a Psychological Thriller or Tragedy.

To expand on those comparisons based on the TV Tropes entries:

1. The "Biter" Trait (Canon vs. Fanfic)

- Canon: In the episode "Mini Bluey," Bingo mentions she is a "biter," which is just a funny, toddler-like habit of playful nibbling.
- Fanfic: This is "weaponized." Bingo's biting becomes a central plot point—a violent, uncontrollable urge triggered by her trauma. This leads to the Muzzle Trope, where she has to wear a plastic guard to keep from hurting others.

2. Chilli’s Role Reversal

- Canon: Chilli is the "sensible" glue of the family.
- Fanfic: Because the story deals with a "Broken Bird" or "Post-Traumatic Stress" version of the family, Chilli is often portrayed as cold or even antagonistic toward Bingo. In this AU, Chilli’s resentment stems from the secret affair between Bandit and Brandy.

3. Brandy’s "Biological Mother" Reveal

- Canon: Brandy’s infertility is a subtle, heartbreaking reality ("Onesies").
- Fanfic: This is resolved through a Secret Parentage trope. The fanfic makes Bingo's biological mother explain why they look so much alike. This shifts the dynamic from "Aunt who visits" to "Mother trying to reclaim a lost child."

4. Bandit’s "Belt" Symbolism

- Canon: It’s just his fur pattern.
- Fanfic: The belt is used as a MacGuffin for his mental state. It represents the "old" Bandit (the belt he wore when things were good) versus the "new" Bandit who uses a physical belt as a weapon during a psychotic break.

In the infamous dark fanfiction "Bandit’s Belt" by The Home Blue, Chilli is transformed into a tragic figure through a combination of terminal illness and devastating family secrets that differ sharply from the show's canon.

Key Factors of Her Tragedy

- "Psychorabia" & Brain Cancer: Chilli is the first character diagnosed with a fictional, aggressive form of brain cancer dubbed "psychorabia". The tumors cause severe "sanity slippage," turning her from a loving mother into a violent, "ax-crazy" version of herself.
- The Secret Affair: A central tragic element is the revelation that Bandit cheated on Chilli with her sister, Brandy, and that Bingo is actually the biological daughter of that affair.
- Resentment Toward Bingo: Because of the affair, Chilli secretly resented Bingo long before her illness began. In her delirium, she lashes out at Bingo, even threatening her with a knife while saying she wished she had never been born.
- Unconscious Betrayal: During her visits in the hospital, Chilli often doesn't remember her violent outbursts, making her a victim of her own mind. She expresses a heartbreaking desire to apologize and be with her family, but the cancer prevents her from being the "nice dog" she once was.
- Violent End: Ultimately, Chilli’s tragedy concludes when she goes on a "murderous rampage" at the hospital, forcing Bandit to shoot her in self-defense to protect others.
-

- TV Tropes +6
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Character Comparison

Feature	***Bandit's BeltChilli***	***Canon BlueyChilli***
Relationship to Bingo	Resentful aunt (raised as mother)	Loving biological mother
Fate	Dies of brain cancer/gunshots	Alive and healthy
Mental State	Volatile, aggressive, insane	Balanced, patient, sensible
Legacy	Becomes a "haunting" memory for her kids	A present, supportive "spirit mom"

Would you like to know more about the aftermath of her death on the rest of the Heeler family, or perhaps a summary of the Brandy and Bandit romance that follows?

In the dark AU of *Bandit's Belt*, Chilli's tragedy isn't just that she dies, but that she loses her identity and her family's love before she passes. She is portrayed as a woman who was "broken" long before the events of the story began.

Here are the specific elements that make her tragic in this fanfic:

1. The "Biological Lie"

Chilli spent years raising Bingo as her own daughter while knowing the truth: Bingo was the result of an affair between her husband, Bandit, and her sister, Brandy. This forced Chilli to live a double life, acting as a loving mother while harboring a deep, secret resentment toward the child she was raising.

2. Loss of Sanity (Psychorabia)

Unlike the show, where Chilli is the "sensible" one, this fic gives her a terminal brain disease called Psychorabia.

- The "Monster" Within: The disease causes her to become physically violent and "insane."
- Awareness: The most tragic part is her "lucid moments" where she realizes she has hurt her family but is powerless to stop the next episode from happening.

3. The Rejection of Bingo

The story utilizes the "Hate the Sin, Hate the Sinner" trope. Because Bingo looks exactly like Brandy, Chilli eventually snaps and attacks Bingo. Seeing a character known for her motherly warmth become a physical threat to her child is the ultimate "fall from grace" for her character.

4. Her "Mercy Killing"

Chilli's life ends in the most violent way possible for a *Bluey* character. During a psychotic break at the hospital, she becomes a legitimate danger to everyone around her. Bandit—the man who loved her—is forced to shoot her to stop her rampage.

5. Post-Mortem Villainy

Even after she dies, Chilli's tragedy continues because she is remembered by her children not as the "Best Mom," but as a source of trauma.Bluey and Bingo spend the rest of the story trying to scrub the memory of "Evil Chilli" from their minds, effectively erasing her from the family's happy history.

In short, she is tragic because she was betrayed by her husband and sister, then betrayed by her own brain, and finally killed by her family to protect themselves from her.

Would you like to know how Bluey's relationship with her mother's memory changes later in the story, or should we look at Brandy's guilt over Chilli's death?

In *Bandit's Belt*, Brandy's guilt is a heavy, driving force that defines her character arc after Chilli's death. She transitions from a distant aunt to a "replacement" mother, but she is constantly haunted by the fact that she was the catalyst for the family's collapse.

Here is how her guilt manifests in the story:

1. The "Architect of Tragedy"

Brandy views herself as the person who set everything in motion. She carries the weight of the secret affair with Bandit. In her mind, if she hadn't betrayed her sister, Chilli might never have snapped or felt the resentment that fueled her "Psychorabia" episodes. She sees Chilli's death not just as a medical tragedy, but as a direct consequence of her own moral failings.

2. The "Imposter" Syndrome

When Brandy eventually moves in to help a broken Bandit raise the girls, she suffers from extreme guilt every time Bluey or Bingo looks at her.

- The Physical Resemblance: Because she looks so much like Chilli (and exactly like Bingo), she feels like a "ghost" haunting the house.
- The "Mum" Slip-ups: When the girls accidentally call her "Mum," it doesn't bring her joy; it triggers a Single Tear moment because she feels she is stealing a title that she helped destroy.

3. Overcompensation through Protection

Brandy's guilt turns her into a fiercely overprotective figure, especially toward Bingo.

- The Muzzle Guilt: Brandy is often the one who has to manage Bingo's "biting" outbursts. She views Bingo's trauma as her own fault, leading her to be the most patient person when it comes to Bingo's violent episodes.
- The "Human Shield": In several chapters, Brandy puts herself in physical danger to protect the girls from Bandit's own psychotic breaks, viewing it as a way to "atone" for the pain she caused Chilli.

4. The Strained Relationship with Bandit

Her guilt makes her relationship with Bandit incredibly toxic and sad. They are two people bonded by a shared sin and a shared grief. Every time they look at each other, they see the person who helped them betray Chilli, making their attempt at a "new" family feel like a Gilded Cage.

Key Trope: The Penitent Sinner

Brandy fits the trope of the character who spends the rest of their life trying to pay back a debt that can never be settled. She doesn't believe she deserves happiness, so she pours all her energy into making sure Bluey and Bingo survive the wreckage she helped create.

Would you like to see a summary of the scene where Brandy finally confesses the truth to Bluey, or should we look at how Bingo eventually forgives her?

In the heavy atmosphere of *Bandit's Belt*, Bingo's forgiveness isn't a quick hug—it's a long, painful process of healing from the "Biological Lie." Because Bingo suffered the most physical and mental trauma (the biting, the muzzle, and Chilli's attacks), her forgiveness represents the ultimate "light at the end of the tunnel" for Brandy.

Here is how that forgiveness eventually unfolds:

1. The "Aunt vs. Mom" Realization

For a long time, Bingo is caught in a Conflicting Loyalties trope. She loved the "memory" of Chilli but felt a natural, biological pull toward Brandy. The forgiveness starts when Bingo realizes that Brandy was the only one who stayed to pick up the pieces after the "Belt" incidents, while everyone else was falling apart.

2. Shared Trauma as a Bridge

Bingo eventually forgives Brandy through their shared experience of being victims of the family's instability.

- The Muzzle Removal: A key moment of forgiveness occurs when Brandy helps Bingo remove her muzzle for the final time. Brandy apologizes for the world being so "sharp" that Bingo felt she had to bite it, and Bingo realizes that Brandy's "sin" (the affair) came from a place of loneliness, not malice.

- Physical Comfort: Bingo begins to seek out Brandy for comfort, choosing her over Bandit during his darker episodes. This "choice" is her silent way of saying the past is settled.

3. The "Look-Alike" Acceptance

In the beginning, looking like Brandy was a source of trauma (because it made Chilli hate her). By the end, Bingo embraces the resemblance. There is a quiet, symbolic scene where they look in a mirror together, and Bingo acknowledges that having Brandy's "red and white" fur is okay.

4. The Final "Mum" Moment

The ultimate act of forgiveness happens when Bingo stops calling her "Aunty" and starts calling her "Mum"—not out of confusion, but as a conscious decision. It signals that Bingo has accepted the new family structure and has released Brandy from the "debt" of the past.

Key Trope: The Heart of the Group

On the TV Tropes page, Bingo is often noted for the "Domestic Non-Nuclear Family" trope. Her forgiveness is what allows the story to transition from a "Tragedy" to a "Hurt/Comfort" ending, as she is the only one with a heart big enough to bridge the gap between Brandy's guilt and Bandit's madness.

Would you like to explore the "Final Resolution"of the story to see where the family ends up years later, or should we look at Bluey's reaction to this new dynamic?

Warning for Readers: If you plan to look this story up on Wattpad or Archive of Our Own (AO3), be aware it contains heavy themes like self-harm, child abuse, and mental illness that are not present in the actual show.

Would you like to see a list of "Fix-It" fics (stories that try to give these characters a happy ending) or perhaps a summary of the final chapter's resolution?

This specific concept—Muffin's family performing a dance for a cheering beach crowd—appears to be a popular original fanfiction scenario rather than an official episode or a single well-known existing story. It leans into the "Muffin Cupcake Heeler" energy where she demands (and receives) center stage.

Here is a script-style draft of this fanfic episode:

Bluey: The Beach Stars

[EXT. THE BEACH - DAY]

The beach is packed with dogs of all breeds. A small wooden stage is set up for a local talent show. MUFFIN is standing on the sand, wearing her flamingo floatie like a tutu.

MUFFIN: (Shouting) I AM THE QUEEN OF THE DANCE! STRIPE! TRIXIE! GET READY!

STRIPE: (Wiping sweat from his forehead) Muffy, it's forty degrees out. Can't we just go for a swim?

MUFFIN: NO! The crowd is waiting! Look at them!

[WIDE SHOT]

A group of surfers and families have paused to watch the small, bossy white heeler. SOCKS is wagging her tail, already hopping on her hind legs in anticipation.

TRIXIE: (Sighing and adjusting her sunglasses) Alright, Stripe. Remember the routine from the wedding?

STRIPE: (Stretching) I thought we agreed never to speak of that again.

[MUSIC STARTS: A high-energy "Cat Squad" remix]

Muffin jumps onto the stage. She begins a chaotic, high-energy dance that involves a lot of spinning and pointing at the sky. Socks follows suit, doing perfect little pirouettes.

CROWD: (A large group of Labradors and Terriers begin whistling and cheering) Go on, little pup! Yeah!

[THE CHOREOGRAPHY]

Stripe and Trixie join in behind them. Stripe attempts a "Heeler Bomb" style jump that ends in a clumsy but hilarious somersault, while Trixie executes a smooth grapevine move she learned in her fitness class.

MUFFIN: (Posing at the edge of the stage) WITNESS ME!

[CLIMAX]

The crowd erupts. Dogs are barking, whistling, and clapping their paws together. Even a grumpy old Greyhound in a beach chair is nodding along. Muffin stands in the center of the cheering circle, soaking in every bit of attention.

[INT. CAR - LATER]

Muffin is fast asleep in her car seat, clutching a "First Place" plastic trophy.

SOCKS: (Softly) Rowf!

TRIXIE: (Smiling at Stripe) You know, your somersault wasn't half bad.

STRIPE: (Rubbing his back) I think I've pulled a muscle in my "Dad Belt." But hey... she's happy.

Would you like me to write a scene where Bluey and Bingo see the viral video of the dance, or should we add a "judge's table" where Pat (Lucky's Dad) gives them a perfect score?

Popular Fanfiction Themes

- The Redemption Aftermath: Many stories, like Janja's Redemption Rewritten, explore Janja's struggle to adjust to the "Circle of Life" and Jasiri's role in teaching him how to be a "good hyena".
- Romantic Development: Fans often write "episodes" where the two realize they have feelings for each other. One popular one-shot on Wattpad features the two playing "Truth or Dare" with other Outlanders, leading to a confession of love.
- New Threats: Some fanfics, such as Risk, create dramatic scenarios where Janja must protect Jasiri from old allies or new villains, often ending in emotional reunions.
- The Journey to the Tree of Life: Since the series ends with Janja and Jasiri at the Tree of Life, fans frequently write stories about their travels there or their life in that new kingdom.

Notable "Episodes" from Fan Wikis

On community sites like the Disney Junior Random Episodes Wiki, fans have "plotted out" entire fictional episodes, including titles like:

- "Janja's Great Decision": Focusing on his choice to leave Scar's side.
- "Jasiri Who?": A story involving Janja searching for Jasiri after she goes missing.

Where to Find Them

If you're looking to read these "episodes," the most active communities are:

- FanFiction.net: Search for "Janja" and "Jasiri" under *The Lion King* category.
- Wattpad: Look for "Janjasiri" or "Lion Guard" tags for multi-chapter stories.
- Archive of Our Own (AO3): Known for more character-driven and romantic explorations of their relationship.

Are you looking for a specific scene or plot idea for your own Janja and Jasiri story?

I'd love to help you brainstorm! Since they have such a "rivals-to-allies" dynamic, there are a few fun directions we could take a scene:

- The "Fish Out of Water" Moment: A scene where Janja is trying to participate in Jasiri's "Sisi Ni Sawa" (We Are One) lifestyle, but he's struggling with the concept of only eating

what they need. It could be a humorous moment where Jasiri has to stop him from chasing a Zebra just for fun.

- A Quiet Heart-to-Heart: After the defeat of Scar, Janja feels guilty about his past. Jasiri finds him sitting alone at the edge of the Outlands, and they have a serious conversation about forgiveness and starting over.
- The Protective Instinct: Jasiri gets into a scrap with some of Scar's remaining loyalists, and Janja has to step in—not as a villain, but as her partner. It would show how much his priorities have shifted.

Which of those vibes sounds more like what you have in mind, or do you have a completely different plot point you want to explore?

While Shenzi, Banzai, and Ed never appeared in *The Lion Guard* TV series, they are common in fanfiction as the literal ancestors or even parents of Janja.

In many "fan episodes," the plot revolves around Janja and Jasiri discovering the truth about the original trio's past with Scar.

Common Fanfiction Storylines

- The Family Revelation: In stories like How Janja Came To Be, Janja is written as the direct son of Shenzi and Banzai. A frequent "episode" plot involves Janja finding out that his ancestors were the ones who originally killed Scar after his betrayal, which helps Janja justify his own decision to turn against Scar's ghost in Season 3.
- The Return of the Trio: Some fans write "Return to the Pride Lands" episodes where an elderly Shenzi, Banzai, and Ed return from exile. In The Scarred Pride, Jasiri actually goes on a quest to find her long-lost parents, who are revealed to be the classic trio, living in hiding after the events of the first film.
- The Meeting of Clans: A popular crossover scenario features Janja and Jasiri (who now lead a unified clan) meeting the "Old Guard" of hyenas. These scenes often focus on the humor of Banzai and Ed reacting to Janja's "fur-brain" minions (Cheezi and Chungu), or Shenzi giving Jasiri advice on how to lead a clan effectively while dealing with "stupid" males.

Key Fanon Connections

Fans often use these specific character links to bridge the gap between *The Lion King* and *The Lion Guard*:

- Janja as Prince: In many stories, Janja is the heir to Shenzi's "Royal" bloodline, explaining why he was so determined to lead his own clan in the Outlands.
- Jasiri's Lineage: While less common than Janja, some fanfics cast Jasiri as the daughter of Shenzi, emphasizing that she represents the "new, better way" for the family line to live.
- Ed's Legacy: Fans often headcanon that Cheezi and Chungu are related to Ed because of their goofy personalities and physical similarities.

Do you want to create a scene where Janja and Jasiri meet the original trio for the first time?

- That would be an epic "legacy" moment! Here is a draft of how that scene might play out:
-

- Setting: *A misty, bone-filled cavern deep within a forgotten corner of the Elephant Graveyard. Janja and Jasiri have tracked a mysterious scent beyond the borders of their usual territory.*
- Janja: (Sniffing the air, ears pinned back) "I'm telling you, Jasiri, this place smells… old. Like, 'Ancient-History-lesson-from-Rafiki' old."
- Jasiri: (Smirking) "Scared, Janja? I thought you knew every inch of the Outlands."
- Janja: "I do! But nobody comes back here. Not even the vultures. It's too—"
- A Cackle from the Shadows: *"Too quiet?"*
- (Three pairs of yellow eyes glow in the darkness. Out steps a grizzled, older Shenzi, followed by a scarred Banzai and Ed, who is still chewing on his own leg.)
- Shenzi: (Scanning Janja) "Look at this, boys. He's got your mangy fur, Banzai, but he's got my snout. Mostly."
- Banzai: (Squinting) "And he looks just as confused as Ed on a Tuesday."
- Janja: (Bristling) "Who are you? This is Janja's territory! I lead the—"
- Shenzi: (Walking right up to him, unfazed) "You lead a bunch of 'fur-brains' into a volcano, kid. We heard. We're the ones who *actually* took down a King. Not a ghost, not a cub. The real deal."
- Jasiri: (Stepping forward, intrigued) "You're them. The original clan. The ones who survived the Great Fire."
- Shenzi: (Turning to Jasiri) "And who's this? A hyena who doesn't look like she's missed a meal in a month. You're following this pup?"
- Jasiri: "Actually, we lead together. We follow the Circle of Life now."
- Banzai: (Snickering) "The Circle of—? Oh, Shenzi, I told you the kids were getting soft. What's next? Salad?"
- Ed: (Bursts into a fit of hysterical, wheezing laughter, nodding wildly.)
- Janja: (Looking between his ancestors and Jasiri, standing taller) "It's not soft. It's smart. We're still here, aren't we? Which is more than I can say for Scar."
- Shenzi: (A slow, toothy grin spreads across her face) "He's got the mouth, too. Alright, 'Prince' Janja. Let's see if you can hunt as well as you talk."
-

- How was that for a start? Should they team up for a hunt, or does Janja have to defend his new ways to his grumpy ancestors?
- That would be an epic "legacy" moment! Here is a draft of how that scene might play out:
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-

- How was that for a start? Should they team upfor a hunt, or does Janja have to defend his new ways to his grumpy ancestors?
  Defending his new ways would create a much more dramatic and meaningful scene! It allows Janja to show how much he has grown, while letting Shenzi, Banzai, and Ed play the perfect "grumpy mentors."
  Here is how that "defending the new ways" episode might continue:
  Scene: The Philosophy of the Laugh
  Shenzi circles Jasiri, her eyes narrowed with suspicion. "The 'Circle of Life'? That's just a fancy name for the lions getting the best steak while we chew on the leftovers."

Banzai kicks a bleached ribcage. "Yeah! We tried playing nice with a King once. He promised us a buffet and gave us... well, a fire. We don't take orders from 'Guardians' anymore."

Janja steps between his ancestors and Jasiri, his voice steady. "It's not about taking orders, Banzai. It's about not starving all the time. When we over-hunted, the herds left. When the herds left, we ate rocks. I'm a 'fur-brain,' but even I can do that math."

Jasiri adds with a smirk, "We don't follow the lions. We follow the balance. *Sisi Ni Sawa* —we're the same. If the Pride Lands thrive, the Outlands don't have to be a graveyard."

Ed stops chewing his leg and tilts his head, actually looking thoughtful for a second, before Shenzi lets out a sharp bark of laughter.

Shenzi: "You kids are talking like you've got full bellies and no enemies. But look at you, Janja. You're small. You're soft. Where's the fire?"

Janja: (Grinning wide, showing teeth) "The fire's right here, Shenzi. But I don't use it to burn down the world anymore. I use it to keep my clan safe. And if you think I'm soft... try taking a piece of my territory. See what happens."

Banzai looks at Shenzi, impressed despite himself. "He's definitely got your attitude, Shenzi."

Shenzi sighs, her posture relaxing just a fraction. "Alright, 'softie.' Prove it. There's a rogue leopard encroaching on this border who doesn't believe in your 'Circle.' You show us how a 'modern' hyena handles a threat, and maybe we won't laugh you out of the canyon."

Why this works for a Fanfic Episode:

- Legacy vs. Progress: It mirrors the real-world struggle of generations. The original trio represents the trauma of the "Scar era," while Janja and Jasiri represent the hope of the "Lion Guard era."
- The Parental Reveal: This is the perfect moment for Shenzi to officially reveal she is Janja's mother (a very popular fan theory), explaining that she left him in the Outlands to give him a chance to start fresh, away from their "traitor" reputation.
- Humor: You still get the classic bickering between Banzai and Ed to keep the tone from getting too dark.

Should the "Final Act" of this episode be Janjaand Jasiri leading a combined hunt to drive off the rogue leopard?

Since you've been exploring Janja and the original trio, it's actually really interesting how *The Lion Guard* tries to bridge the gap between the 1994 original and the lore of the sequels.

In the 1994-based timeline, *The Lion Guard* acts as a middle chapter between the first movie and *Simba's Pride*. Here's how it fits:

1. The "Ghost of Scar" Lore

While the new *Mufasa* movie focuses on Scar's backstory as Taka, *The Lion Guard* focuses on his supernatural legacy. It introduces the idea that Scar wasn't just a bitter brother, but a former leader of the Guard who lost his powers because he used the "Roar of the Elders" for evil. This adds a lot of weight to why Janja is so obsessed with him—he's not just following an ancestor; he's trying to reclaim a "dark power."

2. The Hyena Transition

This is where your fanfic ideas really click. In the 1994 film, the hyenas run away after Simba wins. *The Lion Guard* explains where they went:

- The Original Trio: They are MIA in the show (likely in deeper exile), which is why fans love writing "episodes" where Janja finds them.
- Janja's Clan: They are the "remnants." They represent the hyenas who stayed in the Outlands but lost their status, turning them into the scavengers we see in Season 1.

3. Connecting the "Brotherhood"

If you prefer the 1994 version where they are biological brothers, *The Lion Guard* supports that through the "Roar" backstory. But if you like the 2024 version (the adoption story), it makes Janja's redemption even more powerful—he's breaking a cycle of "found family" that went wrong between Mufasa and Taka.

4. Zira and the Outsiders

The show eventually brings in Zira (from *Simba's Pride*). This is the "glue" that holds the timeline together. It shows that while Janja was trying to be the "new Scar," the *real* loyalists (the lions) were hiding elsewhere.

Do you want to try writing a scene where Janja and Jasiri have to deal with Zira's lions, perhaps with a little advice (or a warning) from Shenzi?

- Animated Canon: Includes *The Lion King*(1994), *The Lion King II: Simba's Pride*, and *The Lion Guard*.

Major Changes & Contradictions

If you try to fit the 2024 movie into the 1994 timeline, you run into these "retcons" (retroactive continuity changes):

This concept—often titled "The Growth Spurt"or "Big Girl Bingo"—is a popular fanfic trope that explores the physical and emotional changes as the younger Heeler sister starts catching up to Bluey.

Here is a script-style draft for a "lost episode" focusing on Bingo's sudden growth:

Bluey: The Growth Spurt

[EXT. HEELER BACKYARD - DAY]

Bluey and Bingo are playing "Mountain Climbers" on the backyard fort. Bluey easily reaches the top bar, but Bingo is struggling, her little legs dangling just inches short of the ledge.

BLUEY: (Calling down) Come on, Bingo! The summit is right here!

BINGO: (Straining) I’m... trying! My legs are too short!
BANDIT: (Walking by with the laundry basket) Don't worry, Bingo. You’re a late bloomer, just like your Uncle Stripe. He didn't hit his stride until he was twelve!
[INT. HEELER KITCHEN - ONE WEEK LATER]
CHILLI is standing by the kitchen doorframe where the family height marks are kept. She looks confused, holding a pencil.
CHILLI: Bandit, come look at this.
BANDIT: Is it another spider? Because I’m still not over the last one.
CHILLI: No! Look at Bingo’s mark. I measured her two days ago, and she’s already an inch higher.
[INT. LOUNGE ROOM - LATER]
Bingo is trying on her favorite onesie, but the buttons are straining. She walks into the room with the sleeves halfway up her forearms.
BINGO: Mum, I think the washing machine shrunk my clothes again.
BLUEY: (Gasping) Whoa! Bingo, you look... long.
BANDIT: (Grinning) Well, look at that! The "Late Bloomer" has finally bloomed. You’re catching up to your sister!
[INT. HEELER BACKYARD - AFTERNOON]
The girls go back to the fort. This time, Bingo reaches the bar with ease. She swings herself up, but she isn't used to her new reach. She overshoots and nearly tumbles over the top.
BINGO: (Wobbly) Oof! Everything feels... different. My feet are further away than they used to be!
BLUEY: (A bit quiet) Yeah. And you’re taking up more of the seat in the car now.
[THE THEME]
The episode follows Bluey feeling a little bit protective of her "big sister" status. If Bingo isn't the "little one" anymore, what does that make Bluey?
[CLOSE]
The story ends with Chilli and Bandit explaining that no matter how tall they get, they’ll always be the "Heeler Girls." They add a new mark to the doorframe—not just for height, but for "Big Sister Skills."

Would you like me to add a scene where they visit Nana and she’s shocked by how much Bingo has changed, or should we focus on Bingo trying to find new clothes that fit?

- Brotherhood: In the 1994 film, Scar and Mufasa are biological brothers ("the shallow end of the gene pool"). The 2024 film au reveals Mufasa was an orphaned cub adopted into Taka's (Scar's) royal family.
- Royal Legacy: The 1994 film implies a long, multi-generational line of kings at Pride Rock. The 2024 story presents Mufasa as the founder of the current Pride Lands structure after a journey from a different land.
- Scar's Motivation: In the original, Scar is driven by political ambition and pure jealousy. The prequel adds a layer of emotional betrayal, showing how Taka once saved Mufasa's life using the same paw-clasping gesture he later used to kill him.
- Sarabi: The prequel shows Sarabi choosing Mufasa over Taka framing Scar’s eventual bitterness as a reaction to romantic rejection, a detail never mentioned in the 1994 film.
-
- Neglect and Comparison: Taka felt overshadowed by Mufasa's natural "kingly" traits and the favor Mufasa received from their mother, Eshe, which fueled a long-standing inferiority complex.
-
- Reddit +6
-

Would you like to know more about the specific differences between this backstory and the one presented in the original 1994 animated movie or *The Lion Guard*?

9 sites

In the 2024 film *Mufasa: The Lion King*, 2d animation Mufasa stops calling his brother by the name "Taka" as a direct consequence of Taka's betrayal. Following the final battle, Mufasa makes a solemn decree that the name "Taka" shall never be spoken again.

Wikipedia +3

His decision is driven by the following factors:

- The Taint of Betrayal: Mufasa viewed the name "Taka" as being permanently tainted by his brother's actions. Taka had secretly aligned himself with Kiros and the Outsiders, leading them to the hidden Valley of Kings (Milele) and nearly causing the deaths of everyone Mufasa cared about.
- Irreparable Loss of Identity: Mufasa felt that the brother he once knew—the loyal Taka who had saved his life—no longer existed. To Mufasa, Taka had fundamentally changed, and continuing to use his birth name would be a false reminder of a bond that was broken.
- The "Peace Offering": When Mufasa declares he will never say his name again, Taka himself suggests the name Scar. Taka says, "Then call me Scar, so I will never forget what I have done," essentially accepting the name as a symbol of his shame and a reminder of his mistakes.
- A "Merciful" Alternative to Banishment: While other animals like Zazu called for Taka's immediate banishment, Mufasa used his first act as King to allow Taka to stay in the kingdom. Disowning his brother's name was Mufasa's way of punishing the betrayal without completely exiling his family.
- 2024 *Mufasa* Prequel: Mufasa bans the name Taka after his brother's betrayal. Taka then bitterly accepts the name "Scar" to ensure he never forgets what he has done.
-
- Reddit +4
-

4. The Romantic Rivalry

- 1994 Original: There is no mention of a love triangle. Scar’s motivation is purely about the throne and power.
- 2024 *Mufasa* Prequel: A primary driver of Scar's descent is that he loved Sarabi first, but she chose Mufasa, which shattered his heart and fueled his resentment.
-
- YouTube +3
-

Would you like to explore the Swahili meaning of the name Taka and how it hints at his future even before he becomes evil?

- *The Lion Guard*: Taka (then leader of the Lion Guard) is lured into a trap and bitten by a cobra. The venom not only leaves the physical scar but also poisons his mind, making him cruel and bitter.
- 2024 *Mufasa* Prequel: Taka gets the scar while saving Mufasa during a battle against a rogue white lion named Kiros in Azurath

Yes, there are major differences. The 2024 film *Mufasa: The Lion King* creates a new timeline that completely contradicts earlier stories from the 1994 film's expanded universe and *The Lion Guard*.

1. Their Brotherhood (Blood vs. Choice)

- 1994 Original & *The Lion Guard*: Mufasa and Scar are biological brothers. They are the sons of King Ahadi and Queen Uru. Marvel and dc comics wakanda
- 2024 *Mufasa* Prequel: au They are not related by blood. Mufasa is an orphan swept away by a flood who is rescued and adopted by Taka's (Scar's) royal family dc and marvel
- The tale of the brothers
- Wu and garmadon LEGO Ninjago universe
- Ross quartz and Steven universe half-gem

Mufasa the lion king prequel 2d animation December 2024 Steven Universe aka taka/Steven universe/Harry Potter the lion guard legend dc and marvel wakanda another universe

The video concludes by noting that while the remake provides the most recent official answer, the exact motivations behind the fight between the brothers remain a point of intrigue that fans hope will be explored in a future prequel.

Lion king and lion king 2 1994 and 1998 lion guard 2015 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 Mufasa lion king 2024 2d animation the tale of the brothers 1600s au 2024 scar/taka/the joker

The Joker/Philip/Scar

TAGS

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:00 am	The Big Bang Theory The Weekend Vortex - *Season 5, Episode 19*
01:30 am	Young Sheldon Memoir - *Season 7, Episode 14*
02:00 am	Paid Programming

02:30 am	Two and a Half Men Yes, Monsignor - *Season 2, Episode 9*
03:00 am	Bob (Hearts) Abishola
03:30 am	The Goldbergs Dee-Vorced - *Season 8, Episode 5*
04:00 am	NEW PIX11 Morning News 04:00 AM
04:30 am	NEW PIX11 Morning News 04:30 AM
05:00 am	NEW PIX11 Morning News 05:00 AM
06:00 am	NEW PIX11 Morning News 06:00 AM
07:00 am	NEW PIX11 Morning News 07:00 AM
09:00 am	NEW PIX11 Morning News 09:00 AM
10:00 am	New York Living

11:00 am	Tribunal Justice Service Horse Woes - *Season 2, Episode 21*
11:30 am	Tribunal Justice Cinderella Man - *Season 2, Episode 33*
12:00 pm	The Steve Wilkos Show Did You Watch Him Torture Your Son? - *Season 12, Episode 1*
1:00 pm	Judy Justice Widow Cries Thief!
1:30 pm	SPORT Mets Pregame
2:00 pm	SPORT MLB Baseball New York Mets at Chicago Cubs
5:00 pm	NEW New york Nightcap
5:30 pm	NEW PIX11 News at 5

6:00 pm	NEW PIX11 News At 6PM
6:30 pm	Pix on Politics
7:00 pm	Seinfeld The Note - *Season 3, Episode 1*
7:30 pm	The Big Bang Theory The Lizard-Spock Expansion - *Season 2, Episode 8*
8:00 pm	Penn & Teller: Fool Us It's Magic. Literally. - *Season 11, Episode 18*
9:00 pm	NEW The American Bible Challenge Episode 3 - *Season 1, Episode 3*
10:00 pm	NEW PIX11 News at Ten
11:00 pm	New york Nightcap
11:30 pm	Seinfeld

	The Junk Mail - *Season 9, Episode 5*
12:00 am ***2026-04-18***	Friends The One with the Monkey - *Season 1, Episode 10*
12:30 am ***2026-04-18***	Two and a Half Men It Never Rains in Hooterville- *Season 4, Episode 18*

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Dateline NBC TV Listings & Schedule

Key Characters in These Stories

- ***Rusty***: Often portrayed as dedicated to both cricket and following in his father's military footsteps.
- ***Digger (Older Brother)***: Frequently shown as the protective older sibling who helps run the household.
- ***Dusty (Younger Sister)***: Usually depicted in wholesome family scenes or alongside her brothers.
- ***Rusty's Dad & Mum***: While the show names them simply as "Mum" and "Dad," fanfics often give them expanded backstories or original names to fit the narrative.
-
- FanFiction +5
-

Would you like me to ***draft a short script*** for a custom fanfic scene featuring Rusty and his siblings?

AI can make mistakes, so double-check responses

Try without personalization

9 sites

In the world of *Bluey*, the ***grey (or white) hairs***on Bandit and Chilli's muzzles are a significant detail that fans often use as a jumping-off point for stories about aging and the stresses of parenting. While there isn't one single "official" fanfic that everyone points to, several popular stories and canon observations focus on this theme.

Notable Fanfics and Episode Connections

- She Was 41: This poignant story centers on Chilli's 41st birthday. She looks in the mirror and reflects on her ***new white hairs*** and wrinkles, comparing herself to her mother, who passed away at the same age.
- Garden of Lost Memories: A more dramatic "future fic" where Bandit is diagnosed with early-onset Alzheimer's. It uses the physical signs of aging, like his greying fur, to underscore the heavy emotional toll on the family as they try to preserve his memories.
- ***"Baby Race" (Canon Episode)***: This official episode is the primary source for the "grey hair" lore. Fans frequently point out that in the flashbacks to Bluey's infancy, neither Bandit nor Chilli have any grey hairs on their faces, proving that the greys appeared *after* they became parents.

Common Fan Theories

In many fan discussions and "episode-style" fanfics, the grey hairs are treated as:

- ***"Kid Hairs"***: A popular fan theory suggests that in the *Bluey* universe, grey hairs are caused specifically by the stress of raising children. This is why Uncle Rad (who is older but childless) has no greys, while his younger brothers Bandit and Stripe do.
- ***The "Midlife Crisis" Marker***: Some fans interpret the appearance of these hairs as a sign that Bandit is experiencing a midlife crisis, reflecting on the hobbies or freedoms he gave up to be a dad.

Would you like me to ***write a short scene*** in the style of an episode where Bluey and Bingo "discover" these hairs and try to "fix" them for their parents?
I'd love to! Let's lean into that military-family dynamic.

Title: The Big Box
Setting: The Kelpie backyard. Rusty is practicing his cover drive with a worn cricket bat. Digger (older) is leaning against the fence, and Dusty (younger) is sitting on a cardboard box.

RUSTY: (Swinging) And that's a boundary for Australia!
DIGGER: Careful, mate. You'll knock a hole through the laundry.
DUSTY: Rusty, when's the big truck coming? Mum said Dad's bringing something home.
RUSTY: (Pausing) Soon, Dusty. It's a surprise. Maybe a new cricket set?
DIGGER: (Softly) Or maybe he's just bringing himself home for a while, Squirt.
(A car door slams out front. The three Kelpies freeze, ears twitching in unison. A tall Red Kelpie in a camouflage uniform rounds the corner, carrying a large, taped-up box.)
DAD: (Grinning) Did someone call for a delivery?
DUSTY: DAD!
(Dusty and Rusty sprint across the grass, tackling him into a heap. Digger stays back for a second, a small, proud smile on his face, before jogging over to join the pile.)
DAD: Oof! Easy on the old man! I've been in the bush for three months, not the wrestling ring.
RUSTY: Is the surprise in the box, Dad?
DAD: (Winking at Digger) Even better. It's a brand-new tent. And we're setting it up right here tonight.

Should they ***struggle to set up the tent*** (Bluey-style chaos), or should the scene jump to them ***sitting around a flashlight "campfire"*** while Dad tells them stories about his mission?
That sounds like a classic Heeler disaster in the making!

Scene: The Garden
CHILLI: (Relaxing in a sun chair) Oh, this is nice. Just five minutes of peace.
BLUEY: (Emerging from the bushes, covered in dirt) Mum! We found it! The ***Ancient Earth Goop***.
BINGO: (Holding a bucket of slop) It's like a mask, but with more worms.
CHILLI: (Eyes widening) Girls, I don't think—
BLUEY: It's "Anti-Oldie" mud, Mum! If we put this on your silver bits, you'll look as young as a puppy.
BINGO: (Slapping a cold, wet handful of mud onto Chilli's chin) There! Now you're a ***swamp princess***.
CHILLI: (Gasping) Ooh, that's... chilly. Literally.
BLUEY: (Painting mud stripes on Chilli's forehead) Now we just have to let it dry for three hours. Don't move, or your face might ***crack***!
BANDIT: (Walking outside, still covered in blue finger paint) Hey, look at that! I'm a wizard and you're a garden gnome. We make a great pair, Lil.

Should ***Pat (Lucky's Dad)*** peek over the fence and ask for some "Anti-Oldie" mud for himself, or should it start ***raining***, turning the "beautified" Chilli into a giant mud puddle?
This sounds like a heart-melting "flashback" episode. In *Bluey* canon, we rarely see the girls as toddlers outside of brief snapshots in "Baby Race" or "Sticky Gecko," so a scene at the beach with a two-year-old Bingo is a perfect fanfic setup.

Title: The Big Blue

Setting: A sunny day at the beach. Chilli is sitting on a striped towel under a blue umbrella. A two-year-old Bingo, wearing a tiny sun hat and a floaty swim vest, is staring at a small wave that just bubbled over her toes.

BINGO: (Lip trembling) No. No like it.

CHILLI: (Leaning forward) What's wrong, little bug? Is the water too jumpy?

BINGO: It... it bit my toes!

CHILLI: Oh, that wasn't a bite, Bingo. That was just the ocean saying "hello." It's just a bit over-excited to see you.

(Chilli scoops Bingo up and settles her on her lap. Bingo buries her face in Chilli's neck, her little tail tucked.)

CHILLI: You know, when Bluey was your age, she thought the seagulls were trying to steal her ears.

BINGO: (Muffled) My ears?

CHILLI: (Chuckling) Yep. But she learned that the beach is just one big playground that moves.

(Chilli picks up a small, smooth shell and presses it into Bingo's palm.)

CHILLI: Here. This is a "Bravery Stone." If you hold it tight, it reminds your toes that they are very strong.

BINGO: (Whispering to the shell) I am strong.

CHILLI: (Kissing the top of her hat) You're the strongest little kelpie-heeler I know. Now, should we see if we can find a shell that's the same color as your nose?

Should ***Bandit and a four-year-old Bluey*** come running over with a "giant" (tiny) crab they found, or should Bingo take her first ***brave steps*** back toward the shoreline?

bluey and all lots lots lots lots dogs populations dog breeds over the world
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This hypothetical episode, titled **"*The Hyenas' Truth,*"** bridges the gap between the original film and *The Lion Guard*, revealing what happened to the trio after they defeated Scar.
Episode Summary: "The Hyenas' Truth"

The Setup:

While patrolling the outskirts of the Outlands near the Elephant Graveyard, Kion and the Lion Guard find a hidden, lush valley untouched by Janja's clan. There, they are ambushed by three elderly, battle-scarred hyenas: ***Shenzi, Banzai, and Ed***. Unlike Janja's crew, these three are tactical, disciplined, and unimpressed by the Roar of the Elders.

In the *Bluey* fandom, fanfiction and theory discussions often explore a flashback episode centered on ***young Chilli and Brandy*** to provide more depth to their complicated relationship seen in the episode "Onesies". These stories typically focus on their childhood with their late mother and the events that led to their four-year estrangement.

Popular "Flashback Episode" Themes

- ***The Dance***: Canon mentions a dance the sisters made up as children to entertain their mother. Fanfics often use this as a bittersweet centerpiece, showing their early bond before life pulled them apart.
- ***Chilli's Late Mother***: Since Chilli's mother passed away before Bluey was born, fanfics frequently feature her as a central figure who encouraged Chilli's art and helped the sisters resolve their squabbles.
- ***The "Fairytale" Theory***: Some fans speculate that the red heeler girl Bandit met in the flashback episode "Fairytale" might have actually been Brandy instead of Chilli, leading to many "what if" fanfiction scenarios.
- ***Teenage Years & Drift***: Writers often explore their late teens/early 20s, focusing on Brandy's struggle with infertility and the pain of watching her younger sister start the family she desperately wanted.

Recommended Stories & Ideas

- on a night under the shining stars: A deep-dive fanfic that explores Brandy's perspective on growing up and the emotional "other side of the coin" regarding her distance from Chilli.
- Sad Faces: Changes: A Wattpad story featuring a dramatic teenage flashback where a seventeen-year-old Brandy clashes with her father, Mort, over the loss of their mother.
- ***Motherhood & Reconnection***: Stories like ***Motherhood*** focus on the sisters re-establishing their bond in the present while reflecting on their shared past at Mort's house.

Key Characters in These Flashbacks

- ***Young Chilli***: Often portrayed as the "easygoing" younger sister who loved drawing.
- ***Young Brandy***: Usually shown as the protective but sometimes bossy older sister who felt the loss of their mother deeply.
- ***Mort (Grandad)***: Seen in his younger years, often struggling to raise two daughters alone after his wife's passing.
- ***Chilli's Mum***: A kind woman who loved horseback riding and was the emotional heart of the family.

Would you like me to ***write a scene*** for this flashback episode, perhaps focused on the ***sisters creating their special dance*** for their mum?

That sounds like a lovely idea. Here's a short script-style scene that captures that classic *Bluey* mix of childhood joy and bittersweet nostalgia.

Title: The Cattledog Jig

EXT. THE OLD BACKYARD - GOLDEN HOUR (FLASHBACK)

The grass is long and golden. A younger, more energetic MORT is seen in the background, unsuccessfully trying to fix a lawnmower.

YOUNG BRANDY (8) and YOUNG CHILLI (5) are standing on a weathered wooden deck. Brandy looks focused, wearing a headband with a plastic flower. Chilli is wearing a mismatched pair of socks and looks ready to burst with excitement.

BRANDY

Okay, Chilli. When I say "Go," we do the waggle-kick. But you have to stay in sync!

CHILLI

(Hopping)

I'm a sync! I'm a total sync, Brandy!

BRANDY

It's for Mum, okay? She's coming home from the shops soon, and she needs a "Welcome Back" dance because her feet were sore this morning.

CHILLI

(Serious now)

Right. For Mum's feet.

Brandy starts humming a fast, folk-style tune. They begin. It's chaotic. Brandy is trying to be graceful; Chilli is mostly just spinning until she hits a flowerpot.

BRANDY

No, no! Like this!

Brandy grabs Chilli's paws. They start a clumsy, rhythmic stomping dance—the "Cattledog Jig." They laugh, their tails wagging in perfect unison. For a moment, everything is perfect.

MORT (O.S.)

She's here, girls!

The driveway crunches. A car door clicks. A shadow falls over the deck—tall, warm, and familiar. We don't see her face, just her red-furred hand reaching out.

CHILLI & BRANDY

(In unison)

MUM! WATCH THIS!

They launch into the dance. They're messy, out of step, and completely happy. The camera lingers on their joined paws.

FADE TO PRESENT:

EXT. BRANDY'S GARDEN - DAY

ADULT CHILLI and ADULT BRANDY are sitting on outdoor chairs, watching Bluey and Bingo attempt a similarly chaotic dance in the grass.

Brandy reaches over and squeezes Chilli's hand.

BRANDY

(Softly)

We were much better than them.

CHILLI
(Grinning)
Oh, absolutely. We had the waggle-kick down.

The Conflict:

- ***The Stand-off:*** Kion prepares to blast them back to the Outlands, but Shenzi stops him. She reveals they aren't looking for a fight—they've been living in self-imposed exile for decades.
- ***The Revelation:*** Banzai mockingly explains that they were once "kings of the mountain" under Scar, but they realized too late that Scar's "circle" only led to starvation.
- ***The Twist:*** Janja and his clan arrive, intending to "recruit" the legends to help him take over Pride Rock. Janja views them as heroes, but Shenzi calls him a "clueless pup," explaining that the Pride Lands belong to the lions and the hyenas' greed almost destroyed everything.

The Climax:
Janja attacks the trio for their "weakness." The Lion Guard steps in to defend the elders. In a surprising move, Ed—who has been silent the whole time—starts laughing manically, distracting Janja's clan long enough for Kion to use a controlled Roar to blow the younger hyenas away without hurting the trio.
The Resolution:
Simba arrives, and for a moment, the air is tense. He remembers the trio from the night of the fire. However, Kion speaks up, explaining that they chose exile over joining Janja. Simba allows them to remain in their hidden valley in peace, provided they never cross into the Pride Lands again. Shenzi gives a respectful nod, noting that Kion is "much more like Mufasa than the other guy was."
Key Character Interactions

- ***Kion & Shenzi:*** A battle of wits. Shenzi tests Kion's leadership, realizing he understands the "Circle of Life" better than Scar ever did.
- ***Banzai & Bunga:*** A comedy duo. Banzai tries to eat Bunga, but Bunga's smell is so bad even a starving hyena won't touch him.
- ***Janja & The Trio:*** Janja is starstruck at first, then humiliated when Shenzi reveals that Scar was a traitor who tried to kill them first.

Would you like me to write a ***dialogue-heavy script*** for the scene where Shenzi tells Kion the truth about Scar's final moments?

Absolutely! Here is a script for that pivotal moment when the past meets the future.

SCENE START
SETTING:

A shadowed, volcanic ravine at the edge of the Outlands. ***KION*** and the Guard have the trio cornered, but ***SHENZI*** stands her ground, her eyes sharp and unafraid.

KION

(Low growl)

I've heard stories about you three. You were Scar's shadows. You helped him destroy the Pride Lands once. I won't let you do it again.

SHENZI

(Chuckles dryly)

"Destroy." Such a big word for a cub with a loud voice. We didn't want to destroy it, kid. We wanted to *eat*. Scar promised us a buffet; all he gave us was a graveyard.

BANZAI

(Licking a scarred paw)

Yeah, and a lot of kicks to the ribs. Scar wasn't big on "employee appreciation."

KION

It doesn't matter. You were his friends. You stayed loyal to him until the very end.

SHENZI

(Her expression shifts to something cold and dark)

Loyal? Is that what your father told you? That we were his loyal little dogs?

(She paces forward, ignoring Fuli's hiss)

Listen close, Prince. Your "Great Uncle" was a coward. When Simba had him cornered on the peak of Pride Rock, with the fire licking at his heels... do you know what the "Great King Scar" did?

KION

He... he fought. My dad said he wouldn't back down.

SHENZI

He begged. He crawled in the dirt like a worm. And when he needed a scapegoat, he pointed his claw at *us*. "It was the hyenas," he told Simba. "It was their idea. They're the real enemy."

BANZAI

(Snarling)

After we spent years doing his dirty work. After we hunted for him while he napped in the shade.

SHENZI

We were standing right there in the shadows, Kion. We heard every word. We saw the look in his eyes—he was ready to let Simba kill us just to save his own mane.

KION

(Steps back, stunned)

He betrayed you?

SHENZI

(Stepping into a patch of moonlight)

So, when he fell from that cliff... when he landed in the middle of our circle, shaking and calling us his "friends"... we made sure he never told another lie again. We didn't just leave him, Kion. We *ended* him.

ED

(Nods slowly, a chilling, low cackle escaping his throat)

SHENZI

So don't tell me we're here to bring Scar back. We're the ones who made sure he stayed gone. We don't want his "legacy." We just want to be left alone in a world that doesn't have his name in it.

KION

(Deactivating his stance, looking at his paws)

I... I didn't know.

SHENZI

(Turning away)

There's a lot you don't know about the "good old days," kid. Now take your Guard and go home. We've had enough of lions to last a dozen lifetimes.

SCENE END

Should we add a scene where ***Janja*** overhears this and realizes his "hero" Scar was actually a traitor to his kind?

That would be a huge turning point for Janja. It shatters his entire worldview—he's spent his whole life trying to live up to a "legend" who would have sacrificed him in a heartbeat.

Here is the scene where Janja's loyalty breaks.

SCENE START

SETTING:

Just above the ravine, ***JANJA***,

JANJA

(Whispering, eyes wide)

Did... did she just say what I think she said?

(Janja looks down at the ravine. He watches ***SHENZI*** turn her back on Kion. His ears droop, and his usual arrogant smirk is completely gone.)

JANJA

All this time... I thought Scar was the one who gave hyenas their pride. I thought he was the only lion who actually *cared* about us.

JANJA

He wasn't a leader. He was a liar. He was gonna let the lions wipe out the ancestors just to save his own skin.

(Down in the ravine, Kion begins to lead the Guard away. Janja stands up slowly, looking at his own paws, then at his clan.)

JANJA

We've been following a ghost who would've eaten us for breakfast if it meant he got an extra hour of sleep.

JANJA

(Looking toward the horizon, his voice hardening)

It means we've been playing the wrong game. If the "Great Scar" thought we were just tools... then maybe it's time we stopped acting like 'em.

(Janja looks back down at Shenzi one last time with newfound respect.)

JANJA

Come on, fellas. Let's get out of here before they smell us. We've got some thinking to do.

SCENE END

This really sets the stage for Janja eventually joining forces with the Guard later on! Do you want to end the story here with a ***final narration***, or should we add a moment where ***Shenzi and Janja*** actually speak face-to-face?

Let's go for the face-to-face. This is the "passing of the torch" moment—or rather, the "extinguishing of the lie."

SCENE START

SETTING:

Later that evening. The Lion Guard has departed. ***SHENZI*** sits alone by a small steam vent, the green glow casting long shadows over her face. ***JANJA*** creeps out from the rocks, tail tucked, looking less like a clan leader and more like a nervous pup.

SHENZI

(Without turning around)

You're not as quiet as you think you are, kid. Your breathing sounds like a wildebeest with a head cold.

JANJA

(Startled, then straightening up)

I'm Janja. I run the Outlands. I don't "creep."

SHENZI

(Turns, eyeing him with a dry smirk)

"Run the Outlands"? Is that what they call scavenging for scraps and getting yelled at by a teenager with a magic roar? You're Janja, alright. I can see the family resemblance. You've got your grandfather's ears and your mother's lack of patience.

JANJA

(Stunned)

You knew them?

SHENZI

I led them. Until the hunger got too bad and the fire took the rest.

JANJA

(Hesitating)

I heard what you told the lion. About Scar. Was he really... that bad?

SHENZI

(Her voice drops to a low, serious tone)

Worse. A lion who hates his own kind will never love yours, Janja. He didn't see us as a clan. He saw us as a *buffet* that could talk. He promised us the world and delivered a desert.

JANJA

But he said we were "prepared"! He said the hyenas deserved everything!

SHENZI

(She stands and walks up to him, looking him dead in the eye)

Words are cheap, pup. Scar used our hunger to chain us. Look at you—you're still hungry, aren't you? Still fighting for the same dirt we fought for twenty years ago.

JANJA

(Quietly)

Every day.

SHENZI

Then stop being his ghost. If you want to lead, lead for the hyenas. Not for a dead lion who'd have traded your life for a haunch of zebra.

(She turns back toward the darkness of her cave.)

SHENZI

The Pride Lands have their Circle. We have our own. Find yours, Janja. Before you end up like Scar—falling into a circle of teeth you can't talk your way out of.

JANJA

(Watches her go, speechless)

SCENE END

That feels like the perfect "click" moment for Janja's character arc. Do you want to wrap it up with a ***final scene*** showing Janja returning to his clan with a new attitude, or maybe a ***final shot*** of the three elders watching the sunrise?

Steven universe trials against humanity/evil prequel AU/Nora/black and red diamond
Batwoman Genderswap au Steven Universe/Scar

Steven Universe/The Moon Knight
The diamonds pink diamond The homeworld Gem witch Hunters
Empress Luz/Nora and ***pink diamond***

In the ***Trials Against Evil*** Prequel AU, is that Emperor Scar/Steven is ***unlikely to be redeemed or reasoned with*** by Steven universe alone. Genderswap is where Nora the black and red diamond but remained the good witch of all savior of all humanity's witch and human and creature alike au the joker/Vampire
The Jokers/ the Witch Hunters Vampires
Big hero 6 the series/legos
Steven Universe Trials Against the Evil darkest AU origin of Steven/Scar, and Empress Nora Black and Red Diamond.

- . Same with Steven/Scar x Nora Universe

In the Steven Universe ***Trials Against Evil*** AU,***Empress Black/Red DiamondEmpress*** Nora universe and Steven dick Grayson Wayne universe andNora quartz pink diamond star sapphire
Steven universe Steven universe and peridot au
Lapis lazuli/mulan Black and white gem black lapis lazuli. Karai Who secretly works for white diamond/ black and white lapis lazuli.
Steven universe vs Nora Universe/the red/black diamond/Harumi empress batwoman Ninjago origin
Harumi/Mulan Luz's aunt
Bruce Wayne canon prime earth harumi's true father
Pink diamond batwomen and Batmen gods and demons
In Steven Universe ***Trials Against Evil*** AU

Nora universe/black and red diamond a Japanese diamond harumi the jade empress
A former princess

LEGO rapunzel/ coral pink diamond's pearl au
Empress batwoman, yes yes yes
LEGO tangled the healing light the glyphs the sun marigold and roses
Empress Nora universe

Nora universe alternate universe homeworld gem/ black and red diamond/ blood diamond empress diamond/the batwoman trials against humanity yes yes space au where pink diamond and Harley Quinn au real shattering au
the empress batwoman x the Joker/Janja

the batwoman and The lightest au for Steven universe/Philip/ the moon knight who was killed but resurrected by the moon goddess

Rose Wilson/the ravager Philip's/steven's crush/girlfriend

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Steven universe/ Emperor Scar

Nora universe/ Empress black and white diamond darkest dark au the anti hero planing to wipe out the gem alien race to save humanity because of everything the diamonds and homeworld did to her and the joker viewing vengeance to destroy the alien race

Steven universe white diamond Auniverse Steven universe the story of black pearl

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